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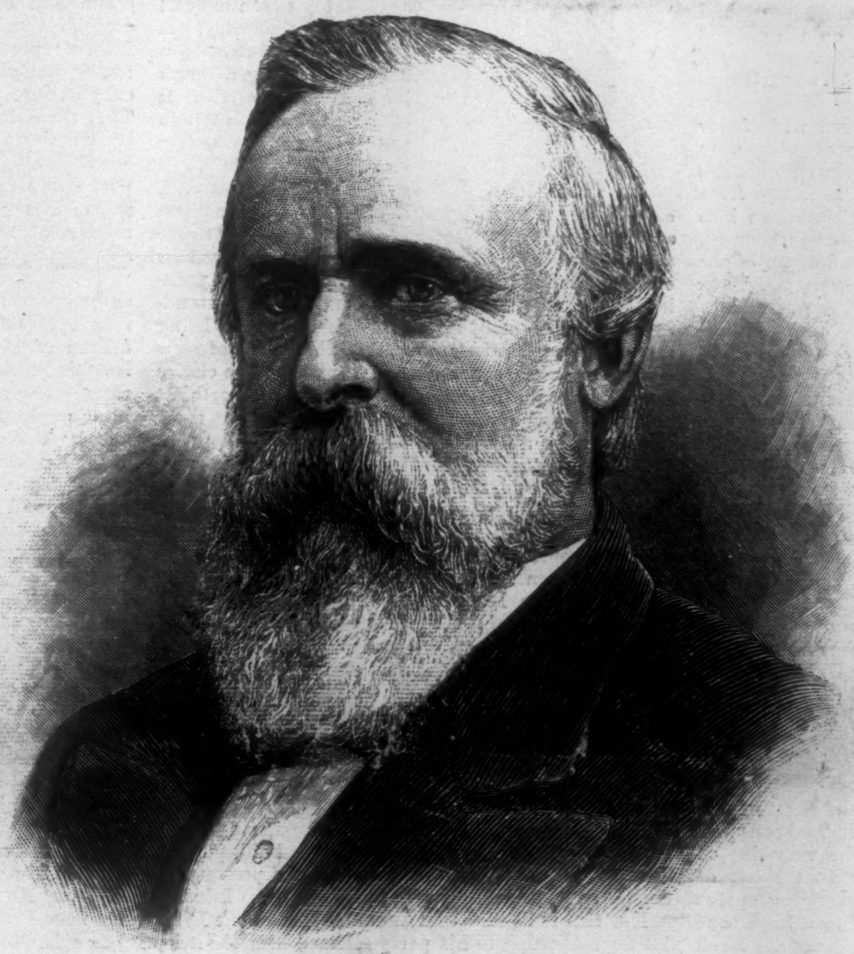

RUTHERFORD BURCHARD HAYES.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

THE popular judgment of the character of ex-President Hayes and of his public services has no doubt been injuriously affected by the circumstance that the rightfulness of his election to the Presidency was subjected to serious question. This circumstance gave peculiar point to the bitter hostility of the opposing party, while the most powerful interests in his own, pretending to have "made" him, found in it a reason for demanding of him more than ordinary subserviency to their behests, and accused him of ingratitude when that subserviency was refused. But whatever opinion may be held of the true result of the Presidential election of 1876, there was not the slightest ground for believing, nor has ever anybody sincerely believed, that Mr. Hayes had sought in the remotest degree to influence the action of the Electoral Commission which declared him elected; and it must be evident to every candid mind that when the verdict of the Electoral Commission had been adopted and solemnly ratified by both Houses of Congress, it was not only his right but his duty as a good citizen, by accepting the Presidency awarded to him, to give final effect to that settlement of one of the most perilous contests in the history of this republic. He could not do otherwise, and every patriotic citizen, of whatever political party, having the true interests of the country sincerely at heart, would have acted as he did. His qualities as a man and his conduct as a public servant should therefore be judged upon their own merits, independently of the doubt which hung over his election to the Presidency.

It may be said without exaggeration that public station in this country has seldom if ever been graced by a man of purer character, or higher and more conscientious conception of duty, and more patriotic motives. His career in private as well as in public life was throughout that of a model citizen. He was born in Ohio in 1822. Having received a liberal education, he devoted himself to the practice of the law, and won the general esteem of the profession and of the public by the solidity of his abilities and acquirements, and a conscientious performance of his duties. He sought and found congenial companionship among persons of culture and high character. His principles and sympathies made him an antislavery man. When, after the outbreak of the secession movement, the national government called for defenders, he promptly abandoned his prosperous professional practice and joined the army. The wounds he received attested his valor. By "gallant and meritorious conduct in battle," and by giving evidence of the capability of leadership, he earned for himself the rank and command of a general officer, and a place among the bravest and ablest of our citizen soldiers. In 1864 a nomination for Congress sought him, and he was elected while serving in the field. In 1867 he was nominated for the Governorship of Ohio, and elected to that office twice in succession, with increasing majorities, one canvass turning upon the reconstruction measures, and the other upon the financial honesty of the national government, of which he became one of the sturdiest and most uncompromising champions. His administrations as Governor were without flaw in point of rectitude and good policy. Nominated for Congress in 1872, he was defeated by a strong combination of opposing forces, and then retired from public life, as he expected, forever. But he was called forth again by a nomination for the Governorship in 1875, which he reluctantly accepted, and then he led in that famous campaign for "sound money," the victorious issue of which sealed the final defeat of the paper-inflation movement.

It was not surprising that the modest man whom public place had so often sought, instead of his seeking it, who by meritorious service had to such a degree won the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens without making enemies, and who had become so conspicuous a representative of public integrity and sound policies, should have been selected by the National Republican Convention of 1876 as a safe man to lead the party—then seriously discredited by the exposure of corrupt practices under General Grant's second administration—once more to victory. The doubtful result of the election, and the dangerous contest that followed and was finally settled in favor of Mr. Hayes, are well remembered. President Hayes assumed the duties of his office under circumstances of unusual difficulty. Had he been a selfish politician, or a man of no more than an ordinary measure of moral courage, he would have sought the favor of the most powerful elements of his party, that they might fight his battles for him. This he did not do. He had nothing in view but the great interests of the country. In his letter of acceptance he had, according to convictions long entertained, laid great stress upon the necessity of a thorough reform of the civil service. In his inaugural address he reiterated with emphasis his determination to carry on that reform. He formed his cabinet not with a view to please the party potentates, but with a view to the successful execution of the work to be done. He had hardly entered the White House when he began his preparations for the withdrawal of the troops from "the States lately in rebellion"—that great and wise measure of pacification which relieved the Southern people of the curse of so-called carpet-bag rule, gave them back their self-government, and became the starting-point of that prosperous development which we now behold. The Treasury Department at once vigorously prepared for the resumption of specie payments and the reduction and funding of the national debt at a lower rate of interest. The President by executive order warned public officers against meddling with party politics and the levying of political assessments; competitive examinations, discontinued under President Grant, were resumed in several of the departments in Washington and the great government offices in New York, and subsequently two of the principal and most influential officers in New York were removed on the ground that they had made their offices headquarters of political management—an act highly offensive to powerful party leaders.

While these measures were received with favor by the intelligent patriotism of the country, they aroused the resentment of the practical politicians high and low—the withdrawal of the troops from the South, because it would turn Republican into Democratic States; the civil service reform measures, because they curtailed the patronage domain of the member of Congress and the party magnate. Thus the opposition to the President in Congress and in the party councils grew steadily in strength and violence. The recommendations made by the President and the heads of departments were contemptuously thrown aside. Even the financial measures of the administration were hampered, and a silver bill passed over the President's veto. But he stood firmly by his principles. The Southern policy was maintained, the resumption of specie payments successfully effected, and the financial honor of the country preserved. It is true that the practical reform of the civil service fell short of the original programme; but considering that his predecessor had abandoned the whole system, that President Hayes and the heads of the departments under him had to work without any appropriations for the purpose, and were at every step obstructed and assailed by a hostile Congress, it is remarkable not that not more, but that so much of permanent value was accomplished. If President Hayes did not carry through a complete reform of the civil service, he certainly saved that reform from utter annihilation, and gave it a new and vigorous impulse without which its subsequent progress would hardly have been possible. And more than this; from the very day of President Hayes's advent to power that spirit of profligacy which had spread to an alarming extent in political circles rapidly gave way to a high tone of conscientiousness, integrity, and honor. Even the society of the capital received a new and most wholesome inspiration from the purity and sweetness of the family life at the White House. No attentive observer could fail to be struck by the salutary transformation.

The ordinary politician has been, and probably will remain, fond of saying that the administration of President Hayes was a political failure. But what is political success? If it consists in the organization and the support of a large following of henchmen who shout the praises of the leader that feeds them, or in securing the support of Congress by pampering its members with patronage, then President Hayes certainly failed. But if it consists in devising and carrying through measures and policies salutary to the country, then the administration of President Hayes, which sowed new seeds of peace, patriotism, and prosperity in "the States lately in rebellion," which carried through the resumption of specie payments, which gave new and vigorous vitality to the then moribund reform of the civil service, which infused a new spirit of purity and conscience into our political life, and which then was followed by a victory of its party mainly owing to the general contentment with the recent conduct of the government, has been the most successful of all Republican administrations excepting only that of Abraham Lincoln. That President Hayes might have accomplished still more had he possessed a less optimistic and a more combative temperament is true. But no fair-minded man will compare that which he did accomplish with the obstacles he had to overcome without recognizing in him statesmanlike good sense as well as firmness of purpose of a high order. Nor could any one knowing him fail to admire and to love the genuineness of his patriotism, the warm generosity of his heart, and the thorough nobleness of his character.

After the expiration of his term as President he gave his life to philanthropic work. He died after a short illness, and was laid into his grave on the 20th of January.

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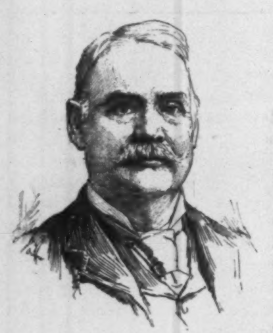
SENATOR MURPHY.



THE State of New York, of all the States in the Union the greatest in population, in wealth, in manufacturing industries, in commerce, the financial centre of the country, has just performed the solemn act of appointing, through its Legislature, one of its citizens to represent it in the highest legislative body of the republic. It would seem natural that, considering the dignity of the State and the vastness and complicated character of its interests, great care should have been taken to select for so important an office a citizen distinguished by his ability, his political knowledge and experience, and his high standing in the esteem of his countrymen. There being no lack of such men among the inhabitants of New York, the only embarrassment in making the choice should have been that of selecting the worthiest among the worthy. This would seem all the more natural since an eminent citizen of New York has just been elected President of the United States, who should receive in the great political and economic reforms which are expected of his administration especially faithful and statesmanlike aid from the Senators representing his home constituency. But the man whom the Legislature actually did appoint is Mr. EDWARD MURPHY, Jun., a man whose opinions on political and economic subjects, if indeed he has any, are not known; a man whose only political training has been that of a fighter for spoils and of an organizer of a body of henchmen, and whose only political interest has been that of providing profitable places or jobs for these henchmen, and of "punishing" those who would not serve him; a man, too, known to be bitterly hostile to the newly elected President, for the reason that he found in him an obstacle to his selfish schemes—in short, a man who might properly have been selected had the purpose been to put a conspicuously unsuitable person into the important and honorable position to be filled.

Nor can it be said that the members of the Legislature belonging to his party selected him, for it is a notorious fact that in voting for him they merely ratified the selection made by others. The truth is that he selected himself, not because he thought himself the fittest, or even a fit, man for the position—for that is hardly possible—but because the place took his fancy, and he "wanted" it. And he obtained the almost unanimous support of the Democratic members of the Legislature through the aid of two of his friends. One of these was DAVID B. HILL, for many years the chief of the Democratic machine in the State, and now himself a Senator; and the other, RICHARD CROKER, who, as the leader of a powerful organization of spoilsmen, known as Tammany Hall, runs the municipal government of New York city, and controls the votes of the members of the Legislature elected by his organization. The motives which led these two men to make Mr. MURPHY Senator are also well known, and they are characteristic. Neither Mr. HILL nor Mr. CROKER would in the slightest degree be troubled by any consideration of the public interest in picking out a man for a position like the Senatorship. But Mr. HILL, who had been an aspirant to the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, had found Mr. MURPHY a very useful ally in securing to him the delegation from this State, and he thought Mr. MURPHY fit for further use. And, moreover, he wished to have a colleague in the Senate who could be counted upon never to overshadow him by his ability, and who was likely to become a convenient tool in his hands, not in aiding, but in hampering the President in his reformatory efforts, and in wringing as much spoil as possible from the national administration. And as to Mr. CROKER, he was bound to Mr. MURPHY by a personal friendship cemented by a common interest in a stock farm, and by valuable financial benefits obtained from him. He also thought it a convenient thing to have a trusty fellow-wire-puller in so high a place in Washington. These two men ordered the majority of the Legislature, composed of their henchmen, to cast their votes for Mr. MURPHY, and thus the great State of New York, with all its dignity as the Empire State of the Union, and its vast and important interests, received Mr. MURPHY as a representative in the Senate of the United States.

This simple recital of universally known facts may read like a burlesque on democratic government, but it is none the less literally true. That not only the fact of the election of such a man as Mr. MURPHY to so high an office as the Senatorship, but also the manner in which that election was effected, must bring a blush of shame upon the cheek of every self-respecting citizen of the Empire State, is also true. That these things should be resented as a political crime and an insult to this commonwealth, and that they should bring forth before long a general revolt of the intelligence and the civic pride of our people against such wanton, insolent, and outrageous tyranny of organized selfishness, is equally true. The first mutterings of the storm have already been heard. The very caucus which nominated Mr. MURPHY for the Senatorship was startled by a voice of protest and warning lifted up by a man upon whose ready obedience the machine had counted. And this voice received its especial significance from the fact that it proceeded from a representative of the German element in the ruling party, who may have felt that his constituency had arrived at the utmost limit of their patience. That the chiefs of the machine, too, begin to think it necessary to pacify the feeling rising against them is evident. There is nothing improbable in the report that Mr. CROKER has concluded to relieve himself of the companionship of Mr. HILL in the direction of Democratic politics in this State. It is an easy sacrifice, and likely to turn out a very advantageous one. Mr. HILL, with all his seeming shrewdness as a politician, has proved himself a stupid blunderer, after all, and since the wretched failure of his attempt upon the Presidency he has lost his prestige and his power. Even the political rascals have ceased to respect him. By throwing him overboard Mr. CROKER will not only not lose an associate of valuable influence, but he may even expect in some measure to propitiate public opinion; for of the two men Mr. HILL is decidedly the most hateful and contemptible in the eyes of decent people.

Mr. HILL would also be a somewhat awkward figure in the game which is now to be played to gloss over the outrage of Mr. MURPHY's election. It is reported, and no doubt truthfully, that immediately after Mr. CLEVELAND's inauguration as President, Senator MURPHY will call upon him to present the formal assurance of his willingness faithfully to support Mr. CLEVELAND's administration. This promise will include an occasional vote for a reduction of tariff duties and for an improvement of the currency; for more than dumb votes Mr. MURPHY will hardly be able to give. But in return for his assurance of support, Senator MURPHY will expect the patronage of the national government in this State to be turned over to him; and if it is not, as it surely will not be, Senator MURPHY will think himself entitled to accuse the President, whom he approached in so friendly a spirit, of base ingratitude, and of a fiendish desire to disturb the harmony of the Democratic party. But the President, as well as every intelligent man in the country, will easily see through so clumsy a farce. They will appreciate the motives of this Greek offering gifts. They will understand that unless a complete change comes over their minds, which is unthinkable, these men who have vainly persecuted Mr. CLEVELAND with their malignity only insult him with their pretences of friendship. The insolent outrage inflicted upon the State of New York by the election to the Senate of such a man as Mr. MURPHY cannot win its pardon, and the coming struggle between the selfish tyranny of the machine and the honest and self-respecting elements in the Democratic party cannot be averted by artifices as transparent as this.

CONCESSION IMPOSSIBLE.

THE political situation in New York appears to have been changed by the actual election of Mr. MURPHY to the Senate. In reality there has been, and can be, no change. The "machine" has done its worst. It has accomplished its purpose. Mr. CROKER, Mr. HILL, and Governor FLOWER determined that their associate should be chosen Senator, and he is chosen. They insisted on carrying out their programme without consulting the President-elect, and against his protest. Only one man of their own kind stood in the way, and Mr. HUGH MCLAUGHLIN's loyalty was purchased by giving to Brooklyn the chairmanships of the Assembly committees charged with legislation of importance to that city. Now that the task of the "machine" is completed, two men represent New York in the Senate who are hostile to Mr. CLEVELAND, and who have done their utmost to prevent his success, and to defeat the policies and the principles which he represents.

With victory has come an accession of cunning. The "machine" is now endeavoring to avoid the inevitable and logical consequences of its conduct.

Mr. Cleveland, after all, is President, and he will have the appointment of many Federal officers. Some of the places that he must fill with Democrats are valuable in the eyes of politicians by reason of the revenues and the power enjoyed by those who hold them. The "machine" took the risk of losing all this patronage in order that Mr. **Murphy** might be adorned with a Senatorship. Now, however, it hopes to save something from the wreck for which it is responsible.

Mr. **Cleveland** will probably not discuss patronage with the "machine" or the "anti-snappers." He will probably not change his rule with regard to appointments in order to revenge himself on the organization, or to gratify his friendships. But he must depend on some one for advice, and to whom is he to look? The "machine" is not so much interested in the appointment of its adherents to Federal office as in the appointment of adherents whom it recommends. The "machine" is not concerned about patronage unless its organization is thereby strengthened. In other words, it can only be satisfied by the acceptance of its recommendations, by turning over the appointing power to it.

The leaders of the "machine" are now striving to cajole Mr. **Cleveland** into a frame of mind that will induce him to listen to the advice of the men who have sent Mr. **Murphy** to the Senate. It is quite probable that they do not expect or desire all the postmasterships, collectorships, and other offices within the President's appointing power. They would doubtless be glad if Mr. **Cleveland** should turn his back upon his oldest and best friends, and refuse to recognize their right to offer him advice, or to be consulted on public business, but they know that he is not only not an ingrate, but that he naturally respects the leaders of the "anti-snappers" more than he can respect the heads of the "machine." If they can secure from the President the appointment of one or two important officers, and a number of minor officers, on their recommendation, they will be satisfied, and their triumph will be complete, because they will thereby cripple the "anti-snappers'" fight against them for the control of the State organization by discrediting the friends of the President.

It is for this purpose evidently that Mr. **Murphy**, Mr. **Hill**, and Mr. **Croker** are eagerly asserting that the "machine" has no intention of placing obstacles in the way of Mr. **Cleveland**'s administration. For the same purpose they are utilizing Mr. **Bourke Cockran**'s recently improved relations with Mr. **Cleveland**, and are endeavoring to make them the bridge over which they can walk into the promised land of patronage, and of continuance in power in the New York Democracy.

The difficulty is that no matter if Mr. **Cleveland** were more inclined for peace than we believe him to be, he cannot make concessions to a "machine" that is hostile to him and flouts his principles. He and the "bosses" are going in opposite directions. So far as political principles go, he and they have nothing in common. They do not know the value of principles. They are in politics for spoils. So far, also, as party management goes, he and they have nothing in common. Mr. **Cleveland** believes in the rule of the people, in the supremacy of the voters; while the "bosses" believe in their own irresponsible oligarchy. Everything that he does by way of recognizing the "machine" must increase its oligarchical power. The refusal to recognize it, to accept its advice, to act upon its recommendations, will help to free the Democratic party of the State from a control that makes its defeat in the immediate future inevitable.

There is only one end that Mr. **Cleveland** could possibly gain by being on such terms with Mr. **Murphy** and Mr. **Hill** that they could keep their promise not to put obstacles in his way. He might increase his personal comfort. If such a peace were to be made as the "Big Four" would like, his "anti-snapper" friends would not trouble Mr. **Cleveland** with their advice or their presence. But the Democratic party in New York would be destroyed for years to come. Mr. **Cleveland** would find himself in the middle of his term with a Republican majority in the Congressional delegation from his own State. All the purposes of his re-election would be thwarted, and he himself would leave the White House convinced that it would have been better for his reputation if he had not entered it the second time.

There is, therefore, no probability that Mr. **Cleveland** will make any concessions to the "machine." He has shown more than once that he prefers party harmony, but he has also shown a determination not to sacrifice principles that have made him the most popular public man in the country. When the newspapers talk of harmonizing Mr. **Cleveland** and the "machine," as if the differences between them were merely personal, they show little appreciation of the fundamental character of those differences. It is inevitable that Mr. **Murphy** and Mr. **Hill** should antagonize Mr. **Cleveland**. There cannot be harmony unless Mr. **Cleveland** makes concessions that to a man of his character are impossible.

THE OLD CITY HALL.

The resolution adopted last week by the City Club, urging the preservation of the old City Hall, undoubtedly reflects the opinion of the cultivated people of New York, and the action of that body has been repeated by or on behalf of other associations, including the American Institute of Architects, the Society of American Artists, the Historical Society, and the Century Club. It is not to be expected that such action should appeal with any great force to our municipal rulers, or that they should value the building either upon architectural or upon historical grounds. There is a tradition that an Irish immigrant, on his way up Broadway from Castle Garden, stopped before the edifice and exclaimed, "That was never built in this country," and possibly the General Committee of Tammany Hall is not merely indifferent, but animated by a positive animosity to the building from an unexpressed sense that it is European and monarchical. As for its historical claims upon our regard, those, of course, do not impress people who consider that the history of New York began with the Irish potato famine of 1847. A design was submitted a few years ago in competition which contemplated the demolition of all the buildings in the park excepting the City Hall and the Court-house, the erection of a new building on the west of these, and of another on the east, leaving a large open court in the centre, and the further erection of a tall and massive tower—a "tower of records"—to give unity and dignity to the group. That design was approved by a commission of eminent architects appointed to make selections from the designs submitted. It was published, and is, of course, still in existence. It is possible that it offers the best way out of the difficulties that beset the question of keeping the City Hall while providing the far greater accommodation that the municipal business unquestionably needs. It was at least the outcome of much more serious thought than can have been given to the matter as yet by Mayor **Gilroy** and his associates.

It will be agreed that the retention of the City Hall in its present site is worth an effort, and that it should not be abandoned without trying to make it "fit in" with the scheme of a new municipal building. That may prove to be impracticable, but the impracticability should be demonstrated, and not assumed in advance of a demonstration. The significance and value of a historical building are of course greater upon its historical site than upon any other. A proposal to remove Faneuil Hall or the State-house in Boston, or Independence Hall in Philadelphia, would be resented almost as strongly as an attempt to demolish it. In truth, much of the historical value of an ancient building—and a building begun ninety years ago is ancient in New York—comes from the very contrast between itself and its modern surroundings. If it be removed, it may still be a monument, but can no longer be a "landmark." So that it is worth not only any amount of trouble, but some sacrifice, to keep the City Hall where it is, if this can be done.

If it cannot be done, the new site for the building should be selected and prepared with great care. It is obviously unsuitable for a rural park, and it must be borne in mind that it is fifteen feet too long to be set between two streets with a front on an avenue. It has been said that the Historical Society, which has contemplated a new building, would be glad to acquire possession of the City Hall, and if the city must part with it, that would be an ideal disposition of it, if the society can furnish a suitable site. But it is not necessary to discuss the removal of the building until its retention on its present site is shown to be impracticable, and that is very far from having been shown as yet.

AS TO THE COLD WEATHER.

NEXPECTED events are touchstones by which to judge of human nature. Emergencies scratch the surface and disclose the character of man, whether he be savage, or what the old physical geography books, in the ethnological paragraph, used to call "civilized and enlightened."

The continued cold weather, during which a whole week passed with an average temperature of only seven degrees above zero, has been as genuine a surprise to New-Yorkers as anything imaginable could have been. No such meteorological caper has been cut in this vicinity before for many years. The effect has been variously exhilarating, irritating, and depressing upon various classes of the people. Those who were full of swift-running red blood have felt the weather to be stimulating as champagne, and such of them as had blazing fires to go home to have found in the cold only a delightful new sensation. Those who constitutionally dislike cold weather, and those whom necessity kept afoot in the streets to their discomfort, have been stirred to grumbling, and sometimes to profane swearing, at the freaks of the northwest wind, which, however, has continued to blow where it listed. To those who lacked proper food and clothing the novelty of the discomfort stood for neither palliation nor excuse. They have suffered more with every succeeding day, and there has been little in their misery which could be called either picturesque or endurable.

The severity of the cold has broken all ordinary bounds of latitude. All through the Southern States great loss of live stock, and even of human life, has marked this winter as the hardest in twoscore years at least. Game birds have perished by thousands. From Florida upward along the Atlantic coast the cold has been intense; and beyond the sea, as far south as Constantinople, many poor houseless wretches have died, we can fancy, as much from amazement and shock as from the process of freezing. At Monte Carlo the cold so lowered the feverish atmosphere as to check the gayety for a time, but in the reaction the play went higher than usual.

Here in New York various curious manifestations have been seen in the actions of individuals. The first impulse was toward brutal self-assertion, in a wild scramble for shelter in the public conveyances, but this soon gave way, in many instances, to distinguished altruism. Men well muffled in ulsters and furs stopped in the street to help stalled horses along by gentle encouragement, and occasionally by actual pushing behind drays and by the lifting of clogged wheels. Street beggars fared variously. Sometimes a burly beggar received a stronger rebuff than usual, oftener he got the few cents he asked for, while women and children asking alms almost invariably reaped their precarious harvest. Curiously enough, newsboys as merchants often fared badly, for men were in too great a hurry to stop, but when a boy did sell a paper he usually got twice or thrice its regular price. And the worn-out swindle of the boyish rascal, pretending, with tears, to be "stuck" with his bundle of newspapers, came out again and flourished bravely.

An edifying spectacle was seen in the Central Park. Upon the box of a magnificent Russian sleigh sat coachman and footman covered to their very eyes with costly furs. Behind them, with robes huddled about him, sat the supposably "proud millionaire" in a kersey overcoat and a silk hat. His ears were red; tears fell from his eyes; he snuggled down among his robes in a vain attempt to be as comfortable as his servants. There was the sudden emergency which showed human nature bare and unlovely. Such rigorous cold is unusual here. Therefore Mrs. Grundy has not gone further than to provide a proper livery. No suitable mode has been fixed. Mr. Midas dares not dress like his coachman. Therefore he goes near to freezing. This was one of the most melancholy sights of the whole cold snap.

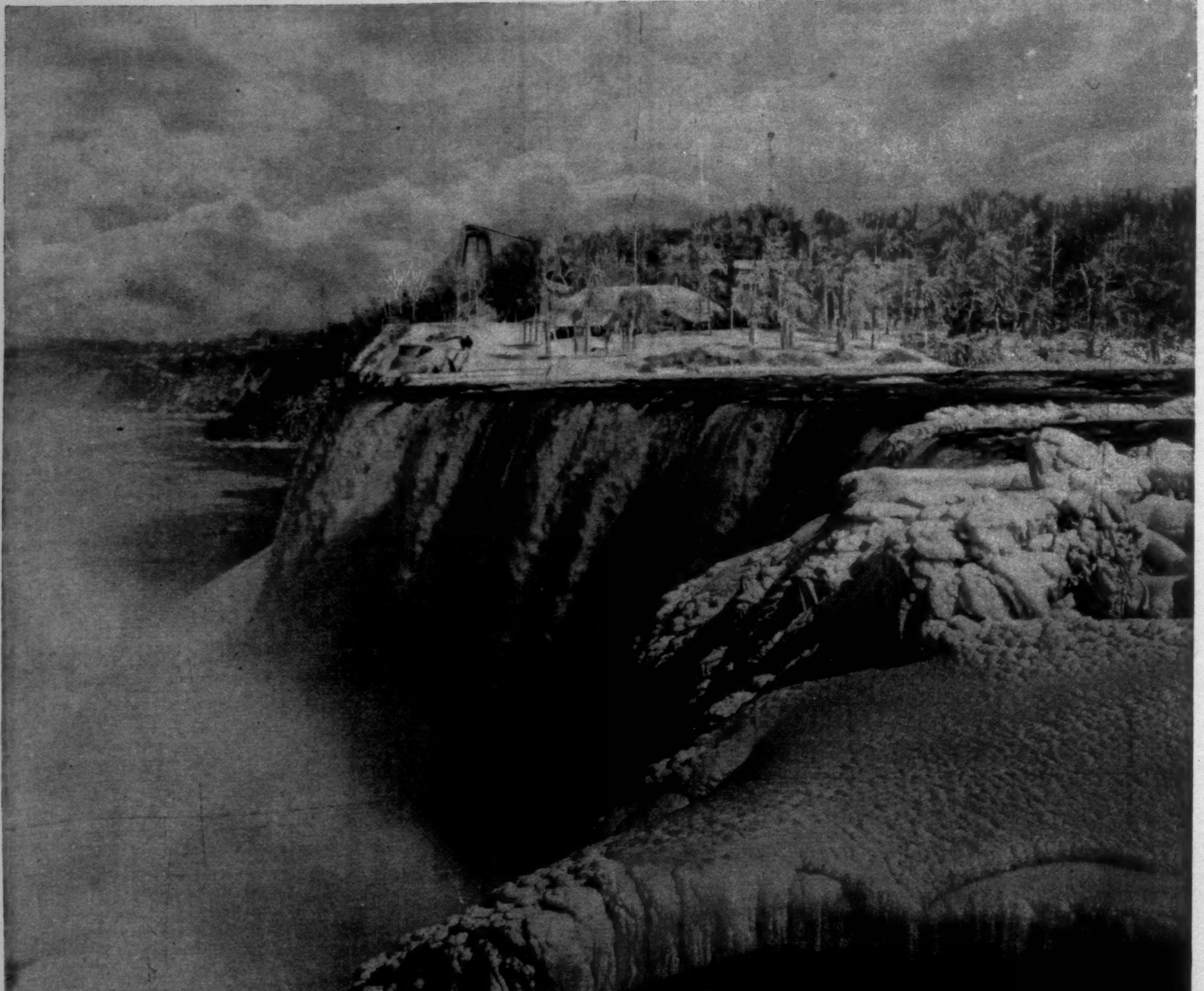
MEN WHO EXCITE INTEREST.

ONE of the things that can be learned to advantage at the exchange editor's desk in a newspaper office is that there is always a limited number of men in the world concerning whom their fellows cannot learn too much. Stories of such men are continually straggling into print, and the discriminating exchange editor, recognizing their current value, is constantly snipping them out and serving them up to his readers. In many cases some passing incident or exploit recommends an individual to the exchange editor's attention, but that sort of notoriety is short-lived. Thus **Perry**, the train-robber, was the exchange editor's best man for several weeks, and **Sullivan**, the bruiser, furnished him in his time with many columns of anecdote, but they and their like are mere comets that cross the orbit of the shears and flash away.

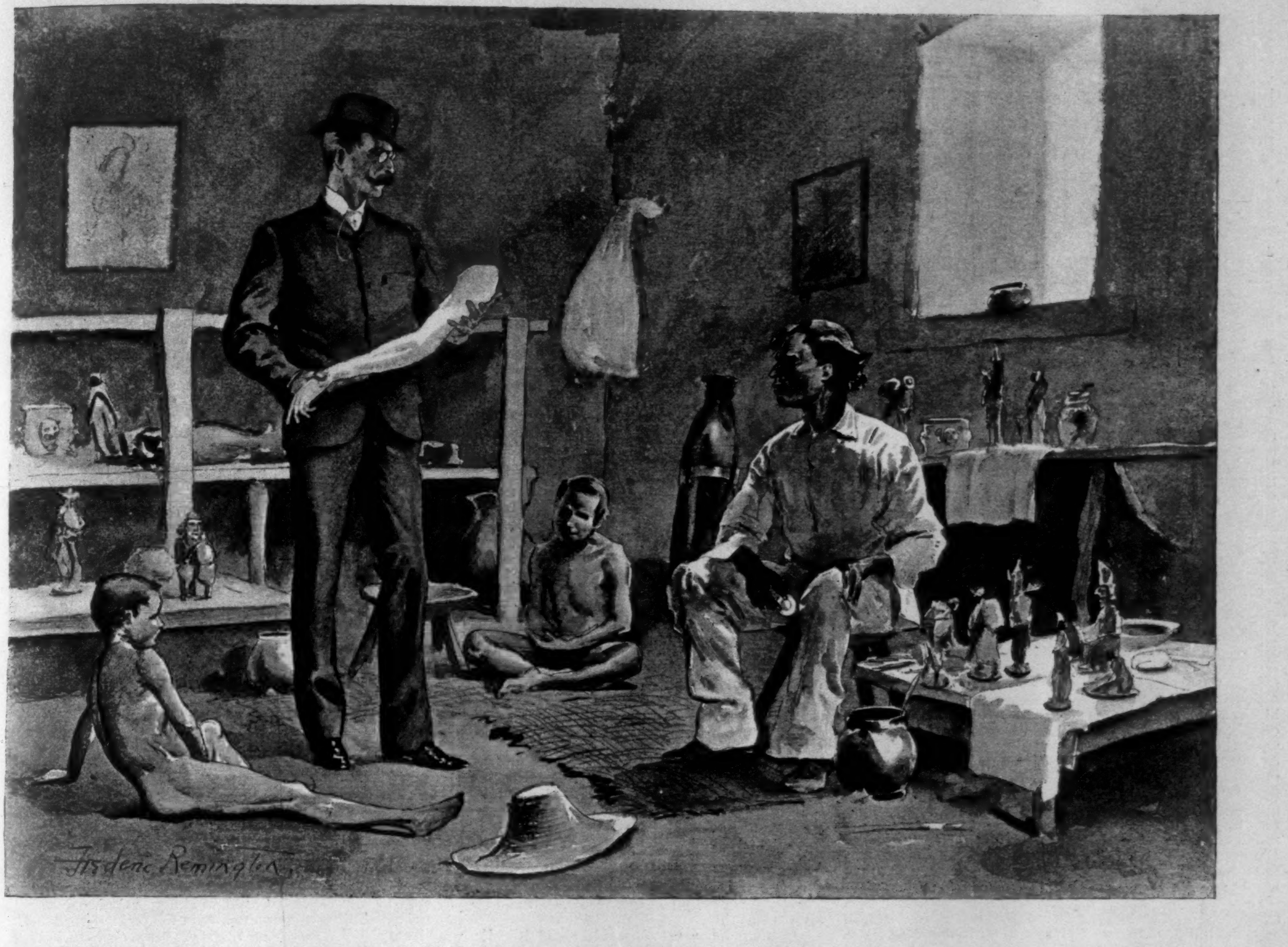
But there are other men who are useful to him year after year—as long as they live and even for years after—men whom people are never tired of reading about as long as there are fresh tales forth-coming. Great men usually interest their fellows, and anecdotes that throw light on the characters of very prominent men are always marketable; nevertheless there is a distinction between the qualities that make men great and those that merely make them interesting. **Washington** and **Franklin** were both great men and both interesting; but while **Washington** was the greater of the two, the more interesting was **Franklin**. So **Jefferson** was a much greater and better man than **Aaron Burr**, but **Burr** has been a darling of the paragraphers for three generations. **John Randolph** wrote his name in sand, and history has built a dike around it to keep the mark of a personality so striking from being washed out. General **Jackson** was interesting in every aspect he had, and so was **Lincoln**, who easily goes to the head of the column as the most interesting individual the nation has produced. **Webster** and **Clay**, **Seward**, **Greeley**, **Weed**, **Grant**, and **Beecher** all stirred the imagination of the people, and stamped their personality upon it. **Conkling** inspired endless curiosity, admiration, dislike, enthusiasm. Mr. **Blaine**, too, has been vastly interesting as a public character.

All these were men of brains and force, and it is safe enough to say that unless men do have brains and force, they are not exceptionally interesting. Nevertheless, in this sort of competition mere endowments do not count for so much as the disposition to use them in an original and unexpected manner. **Webster** was interesting because he was prodigious, but he was not nearly so interesting as **Jackson**, who was vastly his inferior in mere intellect. It was a bold man, though, who permitted himself to prophecy what **Jackson** would do next. He was a master of the unexpected, and more than almost any other single thing, it is the unexpected that interests.

There never was a more striking example of that than General **Butler**. He had brains and force, to be sure, but neither in such exceptional measure as to account for the exaggerated personal interest he inspired. He possessed, though, a persistent audacity that seemed always to prompt him to do the unexpected thing in an unexpected way. There was nothing humdrum about him, nothing monotonous. Oftentimes he was effectual, sometimes he was momentous, not infrequently he was absurd, but he was always interesting. Whatever he had or lacked, there was only a handful of the men of his famous generation who impressed themselves as vividly as he did on the imaginations of their contemporaries.



NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER—VIEW FROM LUNA ISLAND.—From a Photograph.



"AN AMERICAN GUELPH."

BY ALBERT CHANDLER WALL.

I.

FROM the street Widmore could see through the house, across a diminutive court, into an adobe hut where an Indian sat, modelling miniature men and women in clay. He passed in. On the red-tiled floor two children of the color of well-smoked meerschaums sprawled about—naked, happy, and strangely silent.

Stepping around them he moved into the court, carefully dodging the thorn-rimmed leaves of three enormous century-plants. For years these plants had steadily sucked the moisture from the soil, until now it was left friable, whitish, like dirty lime.

The man, after raising his head, continued to pat into shape a little sombrero which he intended for the head of one of his figurines. On a stone bench to the left of the door lay a woman's arm, done roughly in the clay commonly used by the potters of northern Mexico. Widmore held it curiously. From lying there in the sun it had acquired the temperature of flesh. He was interested, for it was not the arm of an Indian woman, not thick-wristed enough, and far too firm and strong for the average Spanish girl; besides, it was life-size.

"Mozo," he began, brusquely, "whose arm is like this? Did you do it?"

"No, señor; Panteleone did it. It is like the arm of the señorita americana at the Hotel Cosmopolita in Guadalajara. She comes here often with her father who speaks like a bull. I do not know her name, señor."

Widmore did, though. He had known it for three weeks now.

"Si, señor; Panteleone," the monotonous voice persisted; "he made it. Like me, he is Indio, but from Amatlan. You have tasted the pineapples of Amatlan? There are no such pines in all Mexico. But the people—they are different from us of San Pedro and Guadalajara—they wear the linen blouse, white with threads of silk, blue and yellow, and rich—they are very rich. Their young men go to the city itself, and learn there all that the world knows. But there they wear the dress of the Americanos, which is as smoke to the eyes, as the padre says. And there also they forget the women of Amatlan with their white blouses; but I tell you, señor, let the young men who return to Amatlan, let them forget to put on again the dress of Amatlan, they are stoned, señor, assuredly; and it is not like here—there are many stones in Amatlan. It is their custom."

"I know, I know," Widmore said, impatiently. "What about Panteleone?"

"He came here, but not to make water-jars. The boys can do that. He makes the faces—believe me, señor—with a ball of black clay he will make your face—so quick—There are some on the shelf," he added, pointing to a dusty row.

"Well?" said Widmore.

"Si, señor, Panteleone is different since she came. No longer does he play the bear at the windows of the girls. 'Do not think of her, Panteleone,' I say to him. But he says only this: 'To kiss and not to care like the Americanos, to be young and not to be a fool—that is to live in the infiernillo, the little hell.' The great hell is beyond, señor," the potter concluded, solemnly.

Widmore was puzzled. Why did she come out here and never mention it to him? He put down the arm carefully, the Indian following the motion with his eyes.

"But her arm, señor—so white. I cannot understand. Are the arms of those ladies of the North like the young snakes that have never been long in the sun?"

"Yes," said Widmore, thinking of something else, "that's the way they are."

Going out, he met Panteleone. The serious eyes, symmetrical brow, and self-respecting air of the man struck Widmore as out of place in a mere potter, and a peon at that. He crossed the plaza and chose a corner seat in the burro-car, where he could put an elbow out of either window.

The conductor said a word which means "let us be going," and the car started for Guadalajara. From San Pedro in, the street is wide and silent, made almost sun-proof by the thick arches of trees meeting overhead. Through this tunnel of leaves and branches the car ran swiftly, rocking from end to end. Beyond, outside, the sun on the light-colored soil caused it to shine like a salt bed.

Once, through an opening in the trees, Widmore saw a distant hacienda, which brought to mind another still more distant, near the base of the volcano, Popocatepetl the mute, and he remembered vaguely how one day, five years ago, the father of Mexican railroads, James, or, as the natives called him, Santiago Murphy, had taken him to that hacienda, and as they sat drinking champagne cooled by ice from Popo—ice that had been ice for centuries—the old man had looked at him, envious of his youth, saying, with his rich brogue: "Women will care for you, my boy; will deify you, and hang a halo about your neck. Be careful that it does not slip and become a lasso."

That afternoon at the hotel he said to Miss Talbot: "I saw to-day, in a potter's hut at San Pedro, a woman's arm done in clay, evidently from life; well done too. It surprised me, these Indians so seldom depart from the traditional thing."

"Probably the arm of some tortilla woman," she suggested.

"No," said Widmore. "It was most beautifully symmetrical—stunning, in fact. I asked about it, but he lied to me. They are all liars, these Indians."

Her eyes softened with pleasure, and Widmore knew that he had scored. "Was it really pretty?" she asked, greedily, it seemed to him.

"It was indeed—most beautiful." And all this time he was wondering why she should deceive him about it. Unexpectedly the door of his understanding opened, and with sudden clearness he saw it all.

This little American girl believed that she had discovered a sculptor in embryo. She wished to develop him, by herself alone, as one does a negative in a dark room.

He could have laughed. "Ages change," he said to himself; "the patron of the arts is no longer a man but a woman, who whispers in your ear, 'No matter, you are a genius, and I at least believe in you.'"

While they talked he thought about it. She had dreams of that kind, behind the golden eyes, under the glistening yellow hair, which the Indian had likened to the dry fibres of the maguey-plant, such thoughts were rioting.

"Shall we go out there to-morrow?" he asked at last.

"No, I cannot go to-morrow. But I meant to tell you. Papa has gone out with a man who knows you, a Mr. Galt. He told papa that you used to be at Manzanillo together. Is Manzanillo a city?"

"No; a coast town," Widmore answered. "It could almost be described in a telegram. Insects, with all that the word means, are everlasting and omnipresent, for frost is unknown there, Manzanillo being in the hot lands, the tierra caliente. There are alligators in the rivers, sharks in the Pacific, and fever everywhere. A German syndicate had the exclusive right to the alligators, but they became tired. Occasionally Colima, the volcano, reddens the sky with an eruption. And once a ship carrying California wine to France to be doctored, relabelled, and returned, came ashore. Two of the casks were sweet. While they lasted, Galt and I used to talk of home, calling it 'God's country,' as they do up on the frontier. But that only happened once, for the coast, as Galt said, is disgustingly safe. One wet, stifling night, I remember, we grew confidential, and Galt told me about himself. It is a matter of history. One of the Georges while Prince of Wales married a Catholic lady—a subject. Of course when the prince became king the marriage was annulled—morganatic, you know. She knew it would be so when she married him. They had one child. His son was sent out to America, and became an American general; and the general's son, the man who has gone out with your father this afternoon, is therefore the great-grandson of an English king. *Voilà*," Widmore added, with his pleasant smile, "your father is in good company."

"What is he like?" she asked, very slowly.

"Well, he brags a good bit; not about what I have just told you, but about his shooting and that kind of thing. For the rest, he is undoubtedly brave, and almost handsome."

After talking a few moments longer, Miss Talbot left Widmore and entered her rooms, which opened on the court. Widmore felt nettled, ill at ease, for the reason that he had dawdled away three weeks in Guadalajara, simply to be near this girl—three weeks of his first vacation in five years. He could have been in New York by this time, at home.

He sat down again, leaning over the balcony rail slightly, like a man in a hansom. He was thinking about himself, his life, and the botch he had made of it. He had gone to a college small enough for one man to be the recognized leader. He had been that man. Chiefly because he had that power which controls others—was frank, optimistic, strong-natured, and endowed with vim. In short, the present moment was never ridiculous to him. He remembered that a young woman who manufactured epigrams had once said of him that he was an irregular verb, the future tense of which was "succeed." After three or four years he had come to Mexico, as an engineer, believing that with his American energy he could outstrip these idle, to-morrow people. "To-morrow will be another day," he said to himself, bitterly, imitating their manner of saying it.

"No," he thought, uncrossing his legs and leaning back. Energy cannot compete with sunlight, at least not the sunlight of the tierra caliente. For a moment or two he really persuaded himself that he would go North, and leave her. He was weary of being her cicerone, showing her churches, and the knitting prisoners at the penitenciario, and many, many things, beside. Yes, he had been a good cicerone, and had shown her much, and all for what? That she might gratify her curiosity for the strange things of the South. “The South, the South,” he repeated aloud, and the word that once had beckoned so wondrously now brought disgust.

The chair squeaked on the tiles as he pushed it back and walked down the stairs into the street. He wandered slowly along, keeping close to the wall, like a native, until he came to a door marked Baños, near where the little river of San Juan de Dios halves the town.

He pushed in and ordered a bath, but the tepid water did not better his humor.

An hour or so after, entering the hotel dining-room, he found them all there together. Galt was telling a story. Jumping up, he greeted Widmore in the effusive Mexican fashion. The two men stood a moment while Galt, napkin in hand, said that he had just been down the Uzumacinto River in a ceiba dugout, prospecting for mahogany, but had found little except black monkeys, ducks, and parrots.

Widmore took a seat next to Mr. Talbot. He noticed that the young girl had discarded the dark tailor-made clothes and the familiar cheviot shirts for a gown of that Annam silk, so light that the broad collar rose and floated as the waiter passed. He watched her while the old gentleman munched on and Galt talked in his jerky picturesque fashion. Undoubtedly she was interested. To Widmore, her face lit by health and excitement had the quivering brilliance of water trembling in the sun. Her eyes shone with warm white lights which seemed to change from time to time.

It may have been the dim candle flames that enlarged the gold-brown pupils, but it was to this blond Othello, this vaquero who was one part royal, that the thin flush on her cheek was due. And Widmore recognized that a little too well.

Somehow he felt that he had more right to her. She was of his kind, the kind that this man of the boarder was unfamiliar with. He took pleasure in her beauty, in her splendid youth, showing his admiration openly, candidly, as though she belonged a little to him. For five years he had seen no American women of the upper class. They are not found in the squat buildings of Manzanillo. So it was that his exile rendered him keenly observant. He marked details, unimportant things that a home-staying American would never have thought of—that her eyes and hair were of the same color, and that the sun had browned her skin until the almost imperceptible down on her cheeks glinted like the tiny particles of river gold that the natives catch in sheep's fleece standing in the cold mountain streams. Each thing about her was delightful to him—the shadows on her round throat, in her hair, in the white folds of her dress. For him she had the charm of home, of faces once familiar, the faces that his Anglo-Saxon nature and nurture had bred him to admire.

Once, divining that he was staring at her, she turned with an expression of annoyance, of trouble, much as if he, instead of a mouthful of ragout, had momentarily dammed Galt's eloquence. Mr. Talbot said: “Well, Mr. Widmore, your friend here, Mr. Galt, is teaching me a great deal about the republic, trying to convert me to enthusiasm; but I tell him it won't do, it won't do. A country where the soldiers wear sandals with uniforms made of linen dusters, where there are worms in the oranges, and the natives sell swords in the principal streets, and drink the sap of century-plants for pleasure, is no country for me. What if they do have strawberries every day in the year at Irapuato? That isn't seasonable, nor does it make up for the worms in the oranges. And then the towns where they have but one coffin, using it for the ceremony as we do a hearse. No, Mr. Galt, it is a second-class country, and will never be different.” And the old gentleman laughed infectiously as he raised his wineglass, thoroughly pleased with himself, his accumulation of facts, and the society of these adventurous fellows.

He was an old-school admiralty lawyer, whose life had been passed between his home, his well-worn office, and the United States courts. He was now going in for enjoyment, he said, having decided to allow his name and the younger men of the firm to do the work.

He could tell to a hair such things as the rights and duties of that weird personage the “ship's husband,” but of the existence which these men had had he knew nothing. Nevertheless, by a familiar trick of egoism he felt that in some manner he was partaking of their untrammelled experience. And it pleased him.

“You are quiet to-night, Mr. Widmore,” he said.

Galt answered, with his deep laugh, “Perhaps he is thinking of a certain Señorita Ursua, of Colima, who now sits alone.”

Widmore blushed, boyishly. There was a Señorita Ursua, and she did sit alone after a parting that had had many beginnings, but the worst was that Widmore had told Miss Talbot about her; for naturally she was in his thoughts, and he had hung the tale on the convenient peg of an anonymous friend, making a cleaner breast of it than he ever could have done in the first person.

“And who is the Señorita Ursua?” Mr. Talbot asked, looking at Galt.

“A girl in Colima who can say ‘Caramba!’ so that it sounds like a gun going off in a fog.” The old fellow laughed, for no other reason than that he knew the meaning of the word. His daughter looked at Widmore and said nothing.

Galt began one of his tales about a tract of land covered with caoutchouc-trees, that he had bought in Ecuador, up in the mountains, and how the natives had swindled him by selling him valley-bred burros that could not stand the high altitudes.

Later Mr. Talbot, apropos of a remark made by Galt, mentioned Panteleone.

“I know him well,” Galt said immediately. “Panteleone out at San Pedro; why, you know he was sent to the Paris Exposition—shipped from Vera Cruz with the Guadalajara pottery exhibit. He does faces in clay. He did one of Carnot, the French President, and Carnot gave him five hundred francs for it. Some people over there tried to hire him for shows of different kinds when the exhibition was over, but he said ‘No.’ You see, he preferred to go home to San Pedro, to his dirty little garden with the big pulque plants in it. That's the way the Indians are.”

“He is coming here to make one of his clays of me,” Miss Talbot said, calmly, as they left the table for the balcony.

Widmore and the old lawyer smoked together somewhat back from the rail, just out of ear-shot of those others, who talked slowly, looking over into the court below. At intervals her laugh would come to him, enriched, deepened by the penetrating calm of the gentle night. An envy entered his heart, an envy of this man whom he had rather looked down on, but who could interest her, and so easily invade her nature and impart a languor to her voice that mingled well with the sound of the fountain playing on the gravel below. Perhaps, Widmore thought—perhaps it is due to that fraction of royal blood. “Yes,” he answered, vaguely, to a question from the old gentleman.

During the evening they remained there, until ten o'clock, when the Talbots disappeared for the night. Widmore seated himself on one of the beds in his room, and began untying his shoes. He heard a sharp step on the tiles, and Galt opened the door.

“You don't want to go to bed,” he said, in his direct way; “let's smoke awhile.”

Throwing himself on the other bed, he turned toward Widmore, saying: “That girl is certainly a winner. What a pair of arms she has! She don't seem to have met anything nearer to a real man than those city pups they have up North. It's a pleasure to meet a girl like that once in a while—tall, blooded, splendidly put up—especially after having so many of these dumpy native women about.”

Widmore did not answer.

Galt resumed: “I'm going to take her to the Hospicio de las Niñas to-morrow. You'd better come along, old man. Some of those orphans are good-looking. Don't you think I had better stay over and have a little sport with my tall American?” and rising, he picked up a pair of army brushes and began brushing his light-colored hair vigorously.

Widmore replied as though dust were in his throat: “We are not in Manzanillo, you know. It is not a case of the corregidor's daughter. She's not the kind of woman you've seen much of—down here,” he added, relentingly.

Galt wheeled quickly. “By the gods, old man, do you like the child? 'Cause, if you do, I'll get out. You know I'm not the kind of a man to parallel a friend's track.”

And Widmore the man said to Widmore the lover that he had gotten his just deserts for having said what he had. Therefore he added, slowly, with a tightening chest, affecting a serene carelessness: “Oh no; she's only an acquaintance of mine. I met her down here. Her father had a letter to me. I don't suppose I really know her as well as you do.”

“I can generally draw a woman out as quickly as the next man,” the other assented.

II.

They went to the Hospicio de las Niñas—from room to room—Galt biting his lips at the pretty orphans when the Talbots were not looking, and imparting bits of information about the cultivation of silk-worms. He eagerly explained everything—the many-shelved rearing-house, where one could almost hear the dry rustle of the greedy silk-worms among the mulberry leaves, the process of unwinding the dull yellow chrysalides, everything down to the fact that each cocoon contained 1100 feet of silk.

After that the days were much alike to Widmore. They strolled about Guadalajara, under the portales, or through the sunny market-places and plazas, Galt and the young girl always together.

Widmore felt a certain pride about it. He would not enter into a race for her with this man, this lion of the border fandangos. But what he could not understand was that Miss Elizabeth Talbot, of New York city, did not see through the varnish into the coarse, big-hearted, bragging nature that was the man. Galt always called her señorita, which disgusted Widmore almost as much as her imitation of his ranch method of pronouncing Spanish words.

The days were alike to Panteleone too, who waited about the hotel, leaning against some wall, with his ball of clay rolled in a banana leaf in readiness for the time when the young girl should summon him to her sitting-room to complete his tiny relief of her. And every afternoon she would pass him, nod, saying, “Good-day, Panteleone Pandura,” in her pretty broken Spanish. “Will not to-morrow do as well?” “Yes, to-morrow,” he would murmur. “That is it,” Widmore said to himself. “The Indian and I have the to-morrows; Galt has to-day.”

He had heard her say that she would so much like to ride, but that no side-saddle was to be had. Remembering this, he spent a morning with Juan Ruiz, the leather-worker, and between them they improvised one, so that Widmore had the delight of giving her a pleasure, and of seeing her start out in the late afternoon with Galt at her side. Waiting for Mr. Talbot to straddle his burro and follow, he heard them canter down the narrow, clattering street. He knew without looking, for he would not look, Galt's exact poise on his long-tailed, coffee-colored horse. He could almost see every threadlike arabesque, every delicate inlay, of the heavy silver-mounted saddle, which had cost Galt 900 pesos in the good times. It was a sole relic of the days when he was an aide in the Mexican army, spending his afternoons on the Paseo de la Reforma, occasionally picking up, at a hand-gallop, some handkerchief dropped on purpose from the window of a closed carriage.

The old gentleman and Widmore followed, but they did not see the others for a couple of hours. They had ridden rapidly out in the open until she had said, “There is something wrong with this saddle, I shall have to get off.”

“Can you wait a bit,” Galt asked, “until we reach an old place beyond here? I can fix it while you sit in the shade. Here it is,” he said, almost immediately.

“Isn't it curious!” she exclaimed, dismounting and walking around the old adobe building, which was choked, distorted, and made wellnigh inaccessible by the close growth of nopales and organ-cactus. Looking about for an entrance, her eye turned on some large century-plants, with their fleshy leaves lobbing on all sides. “Don't they look like devil-fishes with the arms outspread?” she called to Galt.

“Yes,” he answered, tugging at the saddle-girths.

“Is it a ruin?”

Why not, thought Galt. I don't know what it is, but she'd prefer a ruin. “Of course,” he said aloud. “Toltec or Aztec, I'm not sure which. I wonder if I can find a stone in there to bend this buckle with?”

He joined her, and together they found an opening. She had walked a little in advance, and now stood peering through the canted doorway into a dark room.

“Shall we go in?” he asked.

“Certainly,” she said, eagerly.

They went into the gloomy old room, standing uncertainly, waiting until the pupils of their eyes should enlarge. After a moment they could see, and she walked about quickly, exploring a room in which there was nothing except some rubbish, a pile of potsherds, and a broad old seat let into the clay wall. As she moved he followed her quietly, answering absently, standing very near her, and looking down at her intently.

Seeing she was about to go out, he said, abruptly: “Señorita, will you sit down a second? I have a story to tell you.” And he told it, the tale of the royal branch on his genealogical tree, the same old tale that Widmore had told her on the balcony, about which Galt pretended to be so reticent, so contained; but which, nevertheless, he had rehearsed to thirty or forty women of his acquaintances. On the whole, he told it rather better than Widmore, at least Bessie Talbot thought he did, as through the open doorway she watched the brilliant, sterile landscape that it framed. Ah, how sorry she felt for him while his deep voice, vibrating slowly through the stillness, came to her ears, humid and low as the sound of a Japanese bell gently touched by a padded hammer.

When he had finished, she could say nothing. The moments were long before he began again.

“What is the use, señorita? What is the use? What is there to work for? Is it strange that up on the Texan frontier they used to say, ‘Galt, you have no ambition’? To be a successful engineer, to bridge a few barrancas, getting the greatest possible strength with the least possible iron, because iron costs by the pound, what is that to me, when I remember, señorita—. No, there is nothing for me. I prefer to ride my days away in the yellow Mexican sunlight. It is all I can do.”

“Don't tell me any more,” she said, unexpectedly. “It makes me too unhappy. I can't stand it.”

They were sitting very near one another. With a certain quiet suddenness he took her hand in his. She controlled her impulse to draw it away. Somehow it struck her as too little a thing, too much out of keeping with his theme. Added to this, she had felt his hand tremble. She thought it was due to the narrative.

“Señorita,” he said, “forgive me. If I had known it, if I had thought for a moment that it would make you unhappy, that you would care at all—” and the big blond head came so close that one end of his mustache grazed her ear.

“Let us go and fix the saddle,” she said, nervously, quickly, staggered by the many feelings assailing her. Something, however, of that sturdy insight that had made her father's name reappear so often on the calendars of the United States Supreme Court told her that this big magnetic man was not motioning aside disdainfully the prizes of the Western world because his inherited ambition was of thrones, but because he was lazy, self-indulgent. In fact, she fancied that he had developed his theory of renunciation afterwards, to fit his indolence. But what had he meant by bending over her that way? Had he meant to kiss her, or was it only because he was so strangely stirred, poor fellow? She could not tell; however, she was glad that she had come out when she had. And Galt, still looking at her, and at the hand that he had held for so brief an instant, was saying to himself, “Confound that riding-glove!”

Their eyes met, and he laughed. How can he do that? she wondered, angrily, while he recommenced pottering with her saddle, in order to conceal from her that he had already fixed it.

“Where's Galt?” Widmore asked, one morning, as Mr. Talbot came up to him in the patio of the hotel.

“Where's Galt?” the old lawyer echoed, in his court voice. “Galt is talking to my daughter. She is sitting on an iron bench upstairs, but he is not there. He is now in the United States of Colombia. He is coming down the Sinu River in a canoe. Two Indians are paddling. He is sick with a fever—calentura, he calls it. Lying under the hoops covered with rawhides—the toro—he begs the Indians to row faster. The hides are green, and the sun draws a vile smell from them. The Indians only smile, show their white teeth, and say, ‘Muy borracho,’ which he translates, ‘very drunk.’ At this juncture I left.”

The old fellow's eyes twinkled swiftly. There was a pause. The puzzled expression fled from Widmore's face, and they laughed together, loudly, heartily, as at some forbidden joy—the kind of laugh, as old Talbot said, that would start a Swiss avalanche on a sunshiny day.

“Widmore,” he said, delightedly, “this is simply our protest against this man who plays on a harp of a thousand strings, every one of which is tuned to ‘I.’” After that they knew one another better. The old gentleman's heart opened. “Widmore, my boy,” he said, laying his firm hand on the younger man's shoulder, “at first I thought Galt was a close friend of yours, but I see that the acquaintance was due to your both being engineers on the same work. I feel I know you, and acquaintance seems to flourish down here like other things, and I want to talk to you. Now my daughter is a young girl, barely twenty-one. She has had the experience of a girl of her age in New York, which is too sudden to give much except self-reliance; it's a Cook's tourist view of life, after all. Besides, she has imagination, which ruined Napoleon. Take our friend Galt. He tells a tale of high words and pistol shots in some white, picturesque cantina, where the walls are smutched with finger marks, bull-fight posters are hanging about, men are drinking taquila, playing monté, and all the rest of it, and my daughter listens with intense interest. The other day I said to her: ‘A cantina is a bar-room; taquila is a wretched intoxicant; your sombreroed men are examples of the scum that floats around the edges of pots and the frontiers of countries. The tale is an item of police news, nothing more, which you would consider vulgar if it were not for the foot-worn hollows in the earthen floor and the other local touches at which his majesty is so apt.’”

Widmore nodded.

“You see,” the old gentleman went on, “to her he is an English prince shelved by a legal quibble. To me he is—well, not the kind of man that I like to see with my daughter. I could take her away, but I believe in letting these things work themselves out.”

Four or five days afterwards, late in the afternoon, Widmore entered the Talbots' sitting-room. He noticed Panteleone standing, as usual, near the head of the stairs, watching for the señorita americana. Galt had gone out. At half after five he returned in an exceptionally bad humor. Added to this, he had been drinking.

The presence of the Indian annoyed him. He stopped, saying roughly, “Here, Panteleone, you can't steal anything here; you'd better get out.”

Miss Talbot and Widmore came out of the sitting-room, but Galt did not see them. Widmore made a fair snap judgment of what was happening, but it was too late to keep the young girl from seeing it.

Panteleone had not stirred. He looked up through the open building to the hot vivid sky, pretending he had not heard.

Galt, who had merely wished to vent his mood on something animate, now became angry. “Why do you not answer when I speak to you?” he said, grasping his arm brutally, tightening his hold until the pain became atrocious.

Panteleone drew his knife, but Galt was quick enough to catch the free arm.

The Indian struggled frantically, his lips drawn up from his teeth, and the veins in his neck distending. Altogether he resembled a cat in the jaws of a mastiff.

Evidently the white man was too much for him at this kind of pastime, and was in the mood to use his advantage. Shaking, lifting, and forcing him toward the stairs, he laughed in the Indian's face—a hot, mocking laugh that was nasty to look upon.

Miss Talbot seemed to think so, for she continued to utter helpless, nervous "Ohs," as she had from the beginning.

Meanwhile Galt trundled the Indian before him. As these two went around the curve, Widmore and the young girl could see the white man's enormous hips moving strongly, his head thrown back, and his face bright with the kind of triumph that comes best from a feeling of physical mastery. He threw the Indian heavily on the gravel, and the ball of clay, that by some chance had not been dropped before, fell at Galt's feet. Picking it up, he flung it with tremendous force, striking the potter full in the side. He really had not meant to do that.

It was plain that Panteleone was temporarily stunned by the fall and the blow. Galt ascended the stairs, and saw Miss Talbot. Altogether he was not so sorry that she had been there.

"Oh," she said, "what an awful thing to do! Cruel!" And going into her room, she slid the bolt sharply.

"Why she should bolt it I can't for the life of me see," Galt said to Widmore, with a laugh that was only muscular.

"I didn't see the point of hammering his ribs with that heavy wet clay," Widmore observed. "How did it begin?"

"Oh, they don't mind. They're used to it," Galt answered, between breaths.

Below there on the gravel Panteleone was rising very slowly, staring stupidly at the ball of clay, which, either from instinct or economy, he took with him out into the streets of the town. He walked along the long roadway out to San Pedro, resting many times by the way. Coming to the little hut, he threw down the ball of clay, which was never to be fashioned into a semblance of the features of the señorita americana of Nueva York. He sat awhile very still; then he sobbed. The other Indian looked up, but made no comment. "I will kill him," Panteleone said, when he had told the tale. "I will kill him—at night."

The other man was not much moved. He replied, in his soft far-away voice: "What is the use, there are so many of them? They come from everywhere. You have said that out there beyond the water there are many, very many, and in the North too. I know about him. Vicente told me that he has seen him kill flying birds. And he always walks in the middle of the road at night. You cannot kill him; he will kill you."

"They are animals—those Americans," said Panteleone, weakly.

"Yes," the man answered, rising to go out, "they are animals, and when they come they never leave, always more of them. Yes, they are bad, but, Dios! they are strong. Do not go to him. He will kill you. You cannot kill him."

During that evening, while Panteleone sat looking toward Guadalajara, brooding in a vague way on the injustice that subjects one race to another, the Talbots and Widmore were out on the plaza listening to the music of the band; for it was Friday night.

"Wasn't that perfectly frightful?" she had said to Widmore. "You seemed so indifferent. What were you thinking of?"

He looked down at her in silence. Then with sudden decision he turned on the iron bench, saying: "I will tell you my exact thoughts, although you may not like them. First, I pitied that poor Panteleone, sticking out his legs so aimlessly, trying to brace himself on such a broad stairway. He could so easily have tripped Galt up. Then I noticed his face as he saw you. You see, you were interested in him because you thought that he was a genius, something divine, a man who could create with clay. You forgot that he was an Indian. He charged eight pesos apiece for his images, and life was full. You were interested in him, and under your interest he became Panteleone the gay, who made aphorisms to the effect that to kiss and not to care like the Americans. You remember, I have told you it. In short, you aroused in him a feeling which I doubt if he could name. I pitied him because he desired the impossible; and when he went out a new thought struck me, and I pitied myself, for he and I are alike. I also love you, and you are as impossible for me as for him. I see that plainly. I am glad that I have told you at last, for now I shall have to go away. I have been long enough like a boy afraid to jump into a cold bath. Nevertheless, I am a fool to tell you. I will go in the morning. That will end it."

Then, as he saw her father coming up, his voice lost its even control, and it was a Widmore that she did not know who asked her if there was any chance for him.

"I cannot tell," she said, hurriedly. "It has never occurred to me—the possibility, I mean—"

Mr. Talbot sat down, and Widmore departed. She watched him as he walked away from the plaza and disappeared among the dark portales. And he loved her.

"He is a fine fellow," her father said, following the direction of her eyes.

"Yes," she said.

But, after all, she did not care for him, and she decided easily that she would be dealing more fairly by him to tell him so immediately. An opportunity came that very night in the court of the hotel, and there and then, in a night made weirdly magnificent by the Southern moon, she gave him his congé, speaking fluently, with a certain perfection of decisive thought, indicating vaguely a future in New York, which Widmore knew could not possibly mean more than a couple of dinners a season, at which he would be assigned to some strange young woman. Altogether it was a very conventional congé, with the requisite atom of sympathy and handshake at the end, in which there was dismissal, good-by, and perhaps an unconscious self-appreciation at having so overcome this masterful strong-willed man that his restraint was directed toward managing his face and voice.

He bowed a trifle lower than usual, and bidding good-by to the cordial old gentleman, went into his room.

In the morning, while he was getting his things together, Galt came up.

"Cayetano tells me you are going to the city. I guess I'll go with you, and I'll just leave without any adios to my little American."

So they went together, Widmore leaving him at the entrance of the Hotel Iturbide in the city of Mexico.

"Good-by, old man, good-by," Galt said, with genuine feeling. "Be sure you come back to us."

"He's a better man than I am," Widmore thought as he clambered into the stage which runs to the Buena Vista station. He went down to Vera Cruz that day.

For three or four days he lolled about the old town. The desire for home had in some way lessened. He sat about the Plaza Mayor at night, listened to the music, smoked altogether too much, incessantly revolving in his mind the simple fact that in a week the Talbots sailed north from this very port. The *Yumuri* was their ship. There was a steamer before that on which he could go, on which he must go. One night he strolled down to the stone pier. There lay the steamer riding on the glistening water, under the lee of San Juan de Ulua, the old fortress which looms from the sea. Under the dying moon he watched a great green turtle which had been laid on its back within a few feet of him. It must have tried for hours to right itself, for it had worn its flippers raw, until the place where it lay looked as if red paint had been spilled there. No one was near. Moved by impulse, Widmore gave the huge body a tremendous lift, and laughed as the turtle lumbered along the pier and plunged like a dredging-scoop into the sea.

"Nevertheless," he reflected, "I have really stolen about seventy-five cents from some poor devil of a fisherman. Yet he was happier, and when on his return to the plaza he saw again all those men and women so happy together, he thrilled anew with this insidious music, which seemed to rise and eddy through the air like smoke in a room when the door is suddenly opened.

And a great desire came upon him. Why not telegraph her for permission to go on the *Yumuri?*

He thought of the nights at sea. The unending vibration of the screw. And then as they sat at luncheon how one could see through the open port-holes of the rolling vessel! First the blue of the gulf, then the blue of the sky. It could not, it could not be that she would not care a little for him; that at least he might not enter a little into her life.

In the morning he telegraphed her, and about one o'clock received this reply, "Yes, if you wish it."

All that week voices sang in his brain. He was exultantly, insolently happy.

An old acquaintance that he ran across at the hotel told him what hard luck he had been having with a mine at Zacatecas. While he talked Widmore's mind played truant. Knowing her as he did, he thought, her calm, balanced nature, he knew what that must mean, that "yes, if you wish it"—that surrender which was almost naïve in its pretty affectation of subjection. He was smiling when the man said, complainingly: "It is no joke to me, I assure you. I'm broke, dead-broke."

No, he could not restrain his happiness. Life held so much; the future was so rich. He wandered about the shops, bought carved cocoanuts, laces, opals, and other absurdities for his mother, his sisters, and their servants. Youth ran stronger in his veins. Existence seemed to purify itself. Odds and ends of old misty ambitions formed themselves anew. But, after all, the most momentous thought with him was whether to meet her at the station or on board the ship. He knew the Talbots would go aboard at night, as the vessel sailed early; therefore, against inclination, he decided to wait.

That was Thursday afternoon, and the steamer left on the morrow. He slept well that night, rose early, had his belongings loaded into one of the small boats, and was rowed out to the ship in the soft coolness of the early tropical morning. Going up over the side of the *Yumuri*, he noticed a young girl with her back toward him. She was looking over at San Juan de Ulua, where the convict patrols were changing for the day. Her gown was of dark blue. Paying his boatman with shaking fingers, he walked up behind her. "Well," he said, "you see—" The girl turned. She was a stranger. As Widmore walked down the deck he could not help smiling at himself. He was so disappointed. "What a fool I am," he thought, "to dream that she would rise at this unchristian hour." He stopped at the door of the deck cabin. The purser was inside working at his accounts. He was a round little man, merry-eyed, with hips far broader than his shoulders. Widmore wished to ask him if the Talbots had come aboard, but he could not. He felt the weakness of a convalescent. He was afraid. Suddenly he thought of her telegram. Why, it meant nothing. It was simply a recognition of his right to travel on any public conveyance. What else could she have done? For a week he had been constructing with his hopes a château en Espagne through the rooms of which a young girl moved smiling. "How could I have been such an idiot?" he said, aloud. But he would not mention his caring for her during the voyage. He would wait. He would have sufficient delicacy for that.

The steamer left the harbor. He wandered about the deck for two hours. Then he went down to his state-room. Coming up again, he saw her at the stern. As he walked toward her she looked up and came forward, holding out her hand. Widmore was disconcerted.

"Have I been a fool to do this?" he said.

"No, I do not think so," she said, frankly, simply, as though answering a question to which she had already devoted much thought. "I am glad you changed your mind."

Vera Cruz had almost shrunk into the distance, when she said, "Good-by, for a little; I must go and speak to papa."

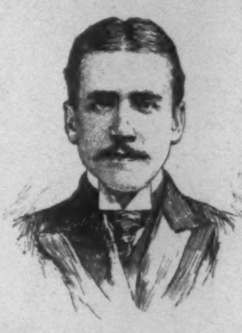
Widmore stood there looking at San Juan de Ulua, the white fortress, which lay like a rumpled napkin on a motionless sea. He knew that behind it, in the roadstead, boats were idling along, their colored triangular sails, umber, ochre, or blue, barely drawing. And back of that was the great mysterious republic, with its lethargic millions, but it was nothing to him. To him the world was below telling her father about him, for he had acquired a contempt for the exact use of language.

PERSONAL.

General John S. Mosby, the once dreaded guerilla leader of the Confederacy, peacefully practises law in San Francisco nowadays, and attends to his duties as one of the directors of the Southern Pacific Railroad. In the thirty years that have elapsed since his sudden raid upon Washington terrified the national capital he has lost but little of the activity that made him so formidable as a cavalryman. He is said to have received many offers of commissions in foreign armies, but, unlike some of his brother officers, who sought service under the Khedive and in the French army, he declined them all, as he says that he no longer has any desire to fight, "for revenue only or for any other reason."

—It has been said of Eugene Field, the Chicago poet and humorist, that he is anywhere between twenty-five and fifty-eight years of age, but he confesses to about forty, and for ten years past he has been regularly engaged in newspaper work in the Lake City. Physically he is tall, angular, and energetic, with a smooth-shaven face, and a head, as Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton once observed, in harmony with his face. He has recently completed a very successful reading tour of Eastern cities in company with Mr. George W. Cable. Mr. Field was accompanied on his travels by his daughter "Trottie," the "Little Mistress Sans-Merci" of his verse, and her father's inseparable companion and friend.

—Mr. Stephen Bonsal, Jun., of whose adventures while travelling through different countries as a correspondent an account was lately given in Harper's Weekly, has written a book. It has already appeared in England, and is now issued by Harper & Brothers in this country. *Morocco As It Is*, is an entertaining and spirited series of articles on Mr. Bonsal's travels and adventures from Tangier to Fez. It gives a very much up-to-date picture of that very old country and state of civilization, and is generously illustrated. The exciting incidents connected with the mission to the Sultan of Fez of the British ambassador, Sir Charles Euan Smith, are told by Mr. Bonsal, who accompanied the expedition. There is also an account of the difficulties which beset him and Mr. Winthrop Chanler, over which they finally triumphed, bearing off presents from the Sultan as a reward for their temerity and diplomacy. The portion of the book which relates to the life of the women of Morocco, the material for which was furnished the author by Mrs. Bonsal, is by no means the least interesting part of the book.



STEPHEN BONSAL, JUN.

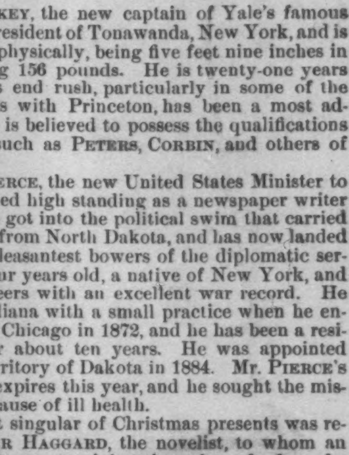
—Frank A. Hinkey, the new captain of Yale's famous football eleven, is a resident of Tonawanda, New York, and is rather a small man physically, being five feet nine inches in height, and weighing 156 pounds. He is twenty-one years old. His record as end rush, particularly in some of the hard-fought contests with Princeton, has been a most admirable one, and he is believed to possess the qualifications of a great captain, such as Peters, Corbin, and others of his predecessors.

—Gilbert A. Pierce, the new United States Minister to Portugal, had attained high standing as a newspaper writer and editor before he got into the political swim that carried him into the Senate from North Dakota, and has now landed him in one of the pleasantest bowers of the diplomatic service. He is fifty-four years old, a native of New York, and a colonel of volunteers with an excellent war record. He was a lawyer in Indiana with a small practice when he entered journalism in Chicago in 1872, and he has been a resident of Dakota for about ten years. He was appointed Governor of the Territory of Dakota in 1884. Mr. Pierce's term in the Senate expires this year, and he sought the mission to Portugal because of ill health.

—One of the most singular of Christmas presents was received by Mr. Rider Haggard, the novelist, to whom an admirer sent a package containing the ashes of a long-departed Spanish grandee. The parcel reached the novelist by mail, and with it was a note reading, "Dear Sir,—Please find herewith the cremated remains of Dom D. de Castro, which I found the other day in some old furniture." Then followed the name and address of the sender, with a suggestion that the remains would form a good foundation for a new romance.

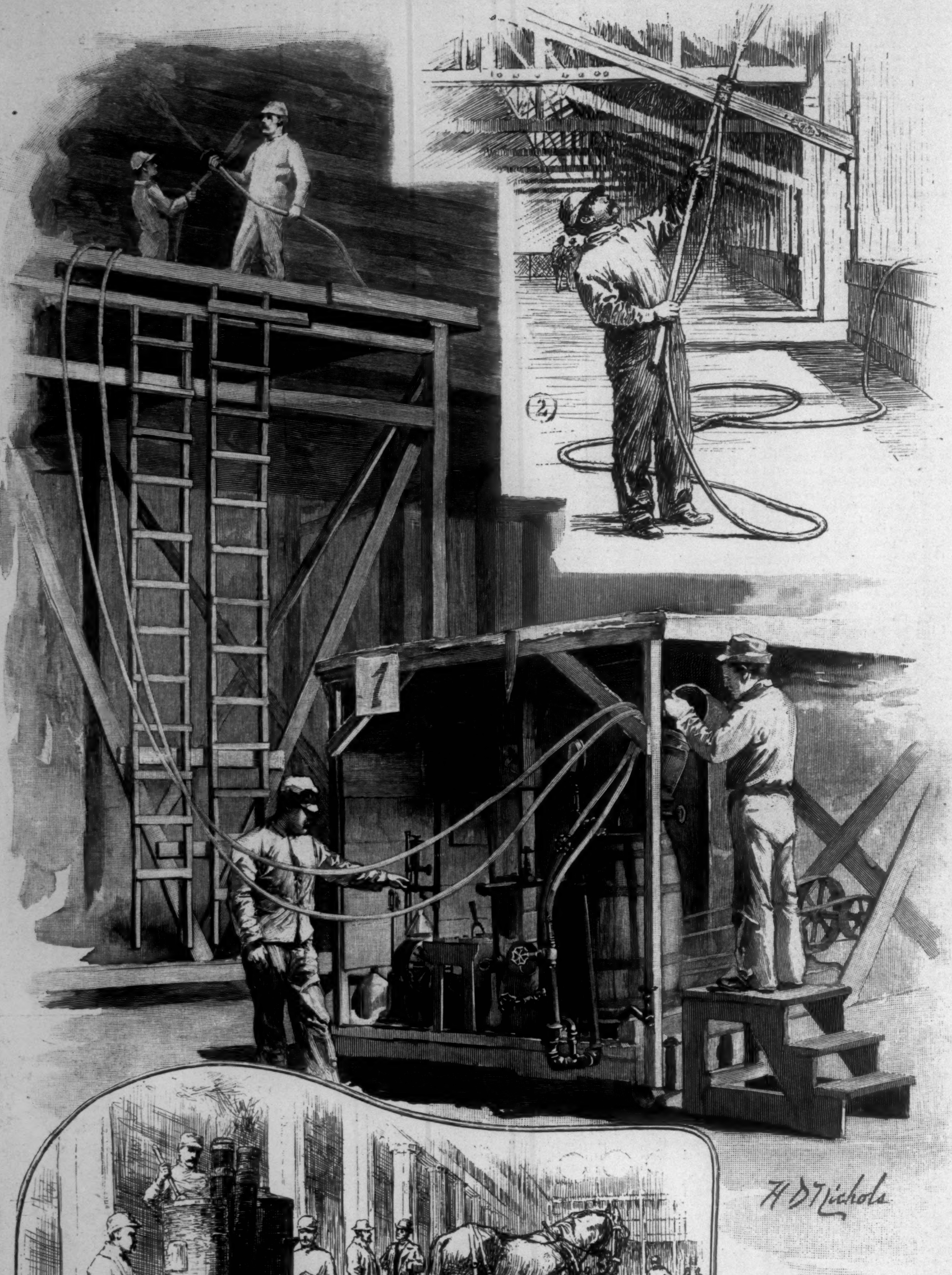
—Some amusement has been caused at the court of the Hague by the decidedly characteristic Christmas present which has been sent to the little Queen Wilhelmine by the Emperor of Germany. The gift is contained in a number of large boxes, and consists of lead soldiers representing all the regiments in the German army.

—Frances Anne Kemble, the well-known actress of an older generation, died in London on January 16th. She was born in that city on the 27th of November, 1809, the daughter of Charles Kemble, and was therefore the niece of Mrs. Scott Siddons and John Philip Kemble. Miss Kemble, in 1831, was married to Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, but was divorced seventeen years later, resuming her maiden name. Mrs. Kemble belonged to by-gone generations, and many people of to-day doubtless thought that she had long since passed away. The poet Longfellow, in a most beautiful sonnet, has expressed his delight at her readings which she gave in this country; and Mr. Curtis, in the Easy Chair, has also testified to the singular pleasure with which he saw and heard her. Mrs. Kemble read here in the winter of 1848–9, and even as late as 1868, but Mr. Curtis speaks of her as "The Fanny Kemble of Talfourd, and of the wild enthusiasm of the grandfathers of to-day"—and the grandfathers of that day are the great-grandfathers of now. The spell that Mrs. Kemble wrought "was resistless"; and a relative of Mrs. Scott Siddons, writing in Harper's Magazine thirty years ago, speaks of seeing Fanny Kemble as Julia in *The Hunchback* as long since as 1832. The portrait herewith given is by Sully, one of the fathers of American art.



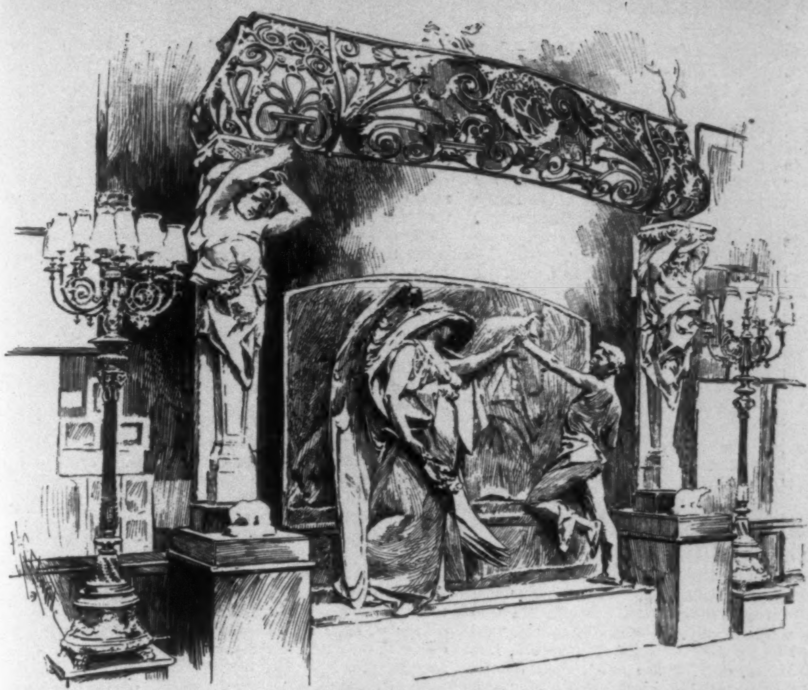
FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

—Among the notable visitors to the World's Fair in Chicago will be the Duke of Veragua, who is a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus. He comes by special invitation of Congress, and will be the guest of the government during his two months' stay. The expectation is that the Duke will sail from Gibraltar about the middle of April. He will be accompanied by his friends, and probably by his brother, the Marquis of Barboles. Pictures of the Spanish nobleman received on this side of the ocean indicate that he bears an extraordinary facial resemblance to Chauncey M. Depew.

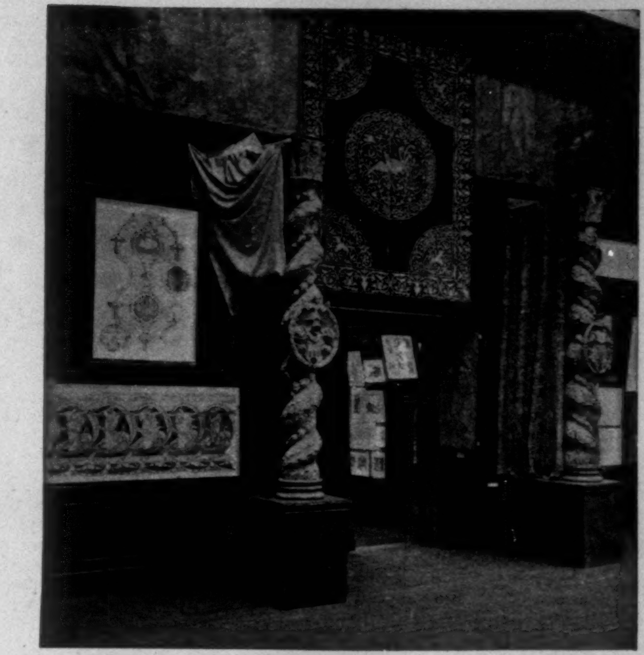


COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE KALSOMINING MACHINE FOR COVERING LARGE SURFACES.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 91.]

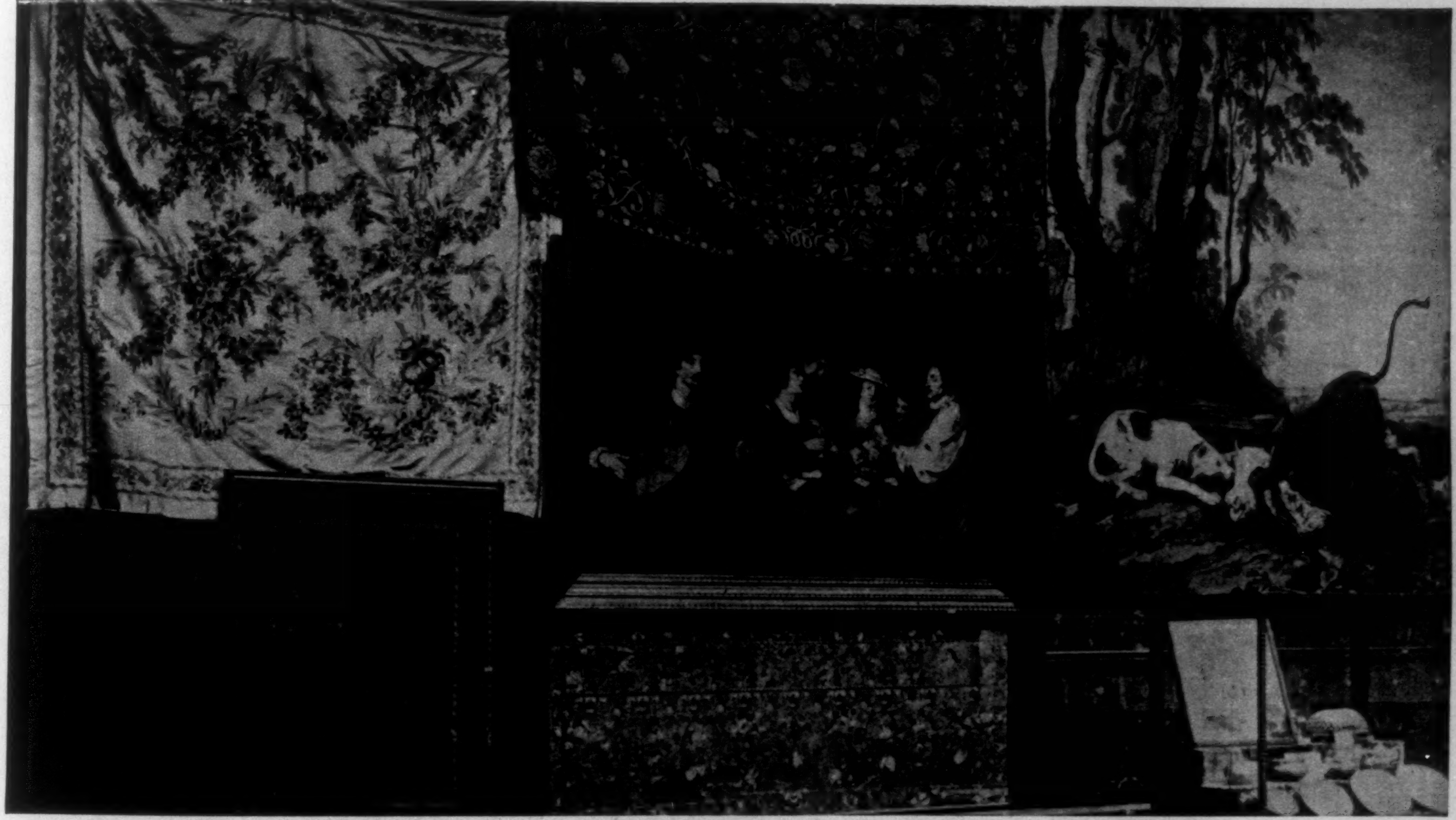
1. The Machine. 2. Working from the Floor. 3. The Steam Engine (Kalsomine Heater).



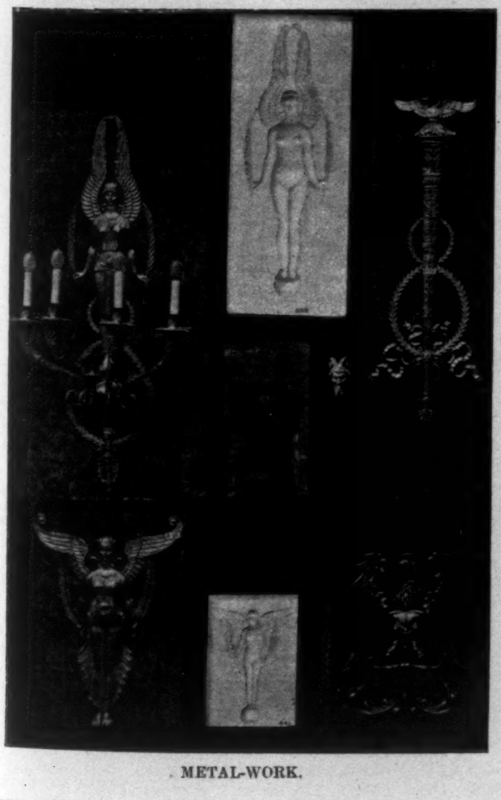
THE EXHIBIT OF SCULPTURE.



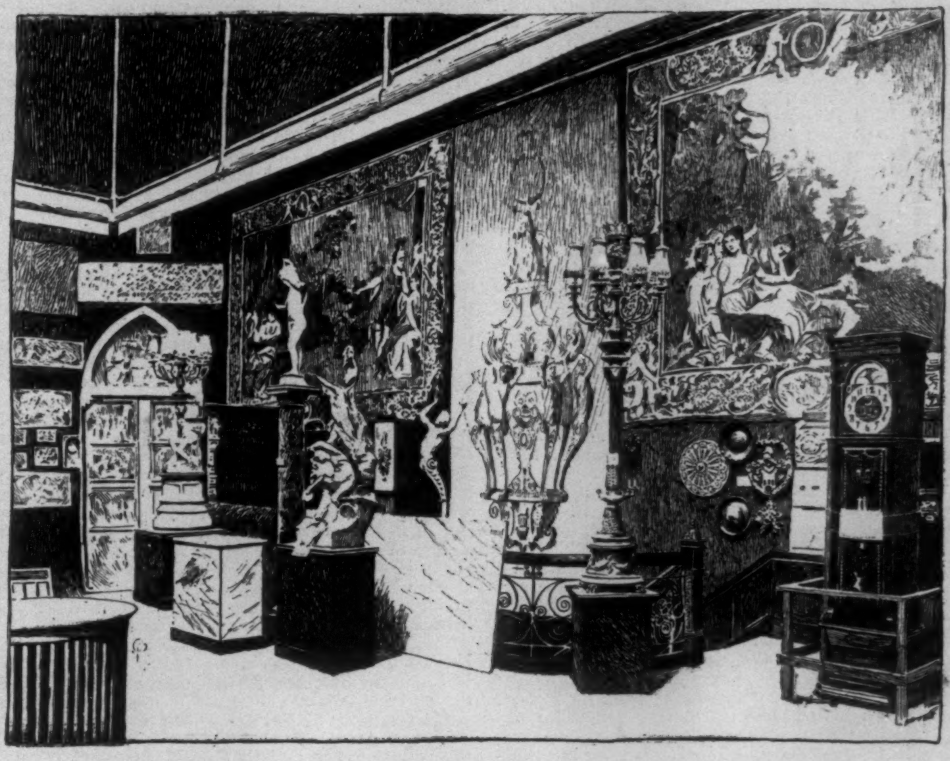
DOORWAY.



OLD TAPESTRIES AND EMBROIDERIES.



METAL-WORK.



WEST SIDE OF GALLERY.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK—VIEWS IN THE GEORGE W. VANDERBILT GALLERY.—Drawn by Rose and Edwards after Photographs by Langill.—[See Page 82.]

UN MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

SCENE.—*An apartment in the Falls View Hotel. Doors at* R. C. *and* L. *At* R. *a speaking-tube and bell. Window at* L. *fitted with a portable fire-escape.* Mr. Arthur Pelton *is discovered sprinkling a new silk hat with cologne atomizer.*

THERE, that is better. (*Surveying the hat critically.*) Too bad to spoil a new hat, but this will save its value in fees every twenty-four hours. (*Shaking a quantity of rice out of his umbrella.*) Positively, our supply of rice seems inexhaustible. But this *must* be the last of it. I can't imagine why the general public should take such an absorbing interest in a newly married couple. Everybody looks at me as though I had done something extraordinary. Well, so I have. I've married Claire, and it isn't everybody who could do that. Dear Claire! I haven't seen her for over ten minutes. (*Walks to door,* R. C., *and looks in.*) There she is. (*Throwing a rapturous kiss through the door.*) Business, dearest. Hadn't you better take off your hat? You may catch cold when we go out. Now *don't* look at me like that, or I shall certainly come in and kiss you. (*He does so. Reappearing.*) This is dreadfully unbusinesslike. (*Calling.*) Claire, you mustn't interrupt me again. I've lots of things to do—the bill to pay, and everything else to arrange for before we go to the train. (*Resolutely.*) This is my busy day. *This is my busy day.* THIS IS MY BUSY DAY. (*At door,* R. C.) Are you sure that you don't feel a draught, dearest? No, you can't do anything to help me. I don't want you. Oh, good gracious! I didn't say *that.* You don't—I don't think—I mean— (*Exit hastily,* R. C. *Re-entering.*) What a brute I am! And she was such a perfect angel about it! Angel, thy name is Claire! "Angel, thy name"—why, that's rather pretty (*seating himself at centre table and writing*)—"is Claire. Tell me, bright vision, where"—(*biting his pen*)—fair—chair— Oh, confound it! (*Turns the paper over carelessly.*) My bill! (*Reading.*) "Ice-cream, carriages, ice-cream, rooms, ice-cream, breakfast, ice-cream, luncheon, ice-cream, dinner, ice-cream, um-um-um, ice-cream, ice-cream; grand total, ninety-seven dollars and sixty cents." For three days, that is what you may call living! We—I like that word; it is so comprehensive—have certainly enjoyed our honey-moon. Dear Claire! How happy I am that I am able to give her these little luxuries! (*Looking at his watch.*) Nine o'clock. Our train leaves at half past; our trunks have gone already, and the carriage will be here in ten minutes. I had better settle this at once. (*Feels carelessly for his wallet. Doesn't find it. Searches another pocket. With a slight anxiety of manner looks in more pockets. Frantically turns them all inside out, dislodging a quantity of rice, but no wallet. Catches up his umbrella and opens it. Rice falls in copious showers all over him. He runs to bell at* R., *and rings vigorously. Examines lining of silk hat. More rice. With a forced smile.*) How ridiculous all this is! Utterly absurd! (*A knock at the door. He answers it, and a pitcher of ice-water is handed in, which he carefully places on table.*) I must be calm; I must be very, very cool. Let me see. I had four hundred and seventy odd dollars in my wallet, and it's there yet; I know it is. The wallet is easy enough to find. (*Commences a systematic search of all his seventeen pockets.*) Confound this beastly rice! (*Throws a handful angrily away. A coin is heard to jingle.*) What's that? (*He searches diligently on the floor and discovers a penny.*) Well, that's a beginning. Come, now, we'll find the rest. (*Searches.*) By Jove, I believe it *is* gone! (*Sinks into a chair.*) I'm a perfect stranger to the landlord and to the town. Our trunks have gone to the station, and our tickets and berths are engaged. Everything is paid for but this confounded bill. We must be in the city to-morrow; I have promised Claire that we should be. (*Ringing bell,* R.) To-morrow is the anniversary of our wedding—that is, we will have been married just a week. I'll see the landlord—(*A knock is heard at door,* L.) There he is. (*Walking to door.*) I'm afraid it won't be so easy, after all, to make him understand. I—I—I can't do it. (*The door opens, and a second pitcher of ice-water is handed in. He takes it, and places it upon the table.*) If only our trunks hadn't gone. If I only had time to telegraph before the train leaves. (*A whistle is heard from the speaking-tube.*) Good heavens! What was that? Ah! (*He goes to speaking-tube.*) Carriage ready? Well, never mind. I think we'll go by the omnibus with the rest of them. Did I get the er—er—bill? Oh yes! thank you—thank you very much! (*Walking up and down room.*) How can I keep it from Claire? And I promised, only six short days ago, to shield her from every breath of sorrow. (*Carefully opening door,* R. C., *and looking in.*) There she is. My golden-haired darling! Eating caramels, and reading *Their Wedding Journey*, and I a pauper. Oh Lord! (*Groans.*) No; nothing's the matter, dearest. I was only trying to imitate that funny rhinoceros we saw the other day at the Zoo. I'll tell you when it's time to go. (*Throws a kiss through the door, and closes it quickly.*) The only thing to do is to see the landlord at once and explain. He will understand—I know he will. (*Advancing towards door,* L.) Perhaps it would be easier to explain through the speaking-tube. Happy thought! (*He whistles sharply through tube.*) Yes; I'm Mr. Pelton. I want to see Mr. Darling at the speaking-tube. Engaged in his office, eh? Never mind, I must see him. Very great importance. Ever so much obliged. (*A pause, during which* Mr. Pelton *stands nervously first on one leg, and then on the other. A whistle is heard.*) Yes; Mr. Pelton, Room 17. This is Mr. Darling? Yes. How are you, Mr. Darling? So sorry to call you away from your engagement. My business? Oh, certainly, certainly, I'll state it at once. It is such a lovely day that I can hardly collect my thoughts. Oh no! Nothing about the bill. It's all right—perfectly so. (*Aside.*) I can't do it. (*At tube.*) Exactly. Yes; I want it very particularly, and I hope it won't inconvenience you. (*A pause.*) I beg your pardon; I only require a little—a very little—ice-water. (*Sinking into a chair.*) Now I *have* done it. After that piece of asininity I might as well look for sympathy from a roaring bull of Bashan as from my landlord. (*A knock is heard at door,* L.) It's all up. I'm to be arrested as a common hotel beat. (*Recklessly.*) The sooner it's over, the better. (*Opens door and receives pitcher of ice-water, which he places upon table. Irritably.*) Confound it! Do the people in this hotel imagine that I am a raging volcano, and are trying to put me out? Not that they'd let me out? (*Opens door,* L., *cautiously. Another pitcher of ice-water is handed in.*) Well, I'm getting pretty well provisioned for a siege. (*Picking up his gloves.*) There's my gloves. Often put bills in 'em. (*He shakes them; a lot of rice tumbles out. He falls into a chair, and buries his face in his hands.*) This is a weakness unworthy of me. I'll see the landlord. I'll bully him into letting us go. I'll meet him face to face or back to back, just as he likes. No; I'll toss up for it. (*Takes his penny out.*) Head, face; tail, back. (*He tosses the penny in the air. He fails to catch it, and it slowly rolls along the floor and falls down the register.*) Ha! ha! I have struck bottom at last. Now it is every one for himself, and Heaven help the landlord! (*He rushes to the portable fire-escape at window,* L., *places the belt about his waist, and is about to lower himself from the window. With a sudden start.*) Good heavens! Claire! I'd forgotten all about her, forgot I was married, forgot everything—everything but the bill. (*Bringing his fist down upon it.*) Dash the bill! (*Picking it up.*) Hang the bill! (*Reading.*) Ninety-seven dollars and sixty cents, and—and—and RECEIPTED IN FULL! (*A whistle is heard at speaking-tube, and a knock at the door. Opening door, and receiving a pitcher of ice-water.*) Thank you. I sha'n't want any more. (*At speaking-tube.*) The omnibus ready? All right. No, you needn't send up my wallet. I'll call and get it from the hotel safe when I come down. So much obliged to you for taking such good care of it. Ha! ha! Yes, I am quite forgetful at times. Good-by. (*At door,* R. C.) Claire, are you nearly ready? (*Rapping impatiently.*) Hurry up; it is an age since I saw you. To speak more precisely (*consulting his watch on walking up centre of stage*), a Very Bad Quarter of an Hour.

CURTAIN.

OSTRICH-FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.

MOST people have heard something of ostrich-farming in South Africa, but few, comparatively, know that within the last ten years ostriches have been imported into southern California, and thrive well in that beautiful climate. "I was lately staying," writes a correspondent from California, "on an ostrich farm, owned by an Englishman, at Norwalk, Los Angeles County, California, and took some instantaneous photographs of these interesting big birds, with their 'attitudes queer and quaint,' as well as some sketches. It was a sight well worth seeing in the mornings when some fifty birds were let out of the paddock, where they had passed the night, into the pasture or field. The whole troop with wings outspread, their long white plumes waving, rustling, and almost whistling through the breeze they made, would race in a body several times round the field at a pace that would leave a good race-horse nowhere at the finish. This would invariably be followed by some of the finest kicking I have ever seen and by some very entertaining waltzing. Some well-aimed kicks would resound here and there; but their powers of taking are quite equal to their powers of giving, and I never saw one kicked into an invalid. When going amongst the birds, it is sometimes necessary to carry a long forked stick, and if they should show fight, they are literally 'choked-off' by the application of the fork of the stick to their necks. The illustration shows a couple of birds fighting in the paddock, and the men rushing up with forked sticks to choke them off before they have time to injure their feathers. Their diet is varied by giving them chopped-up sugar-beets, maize, and alfalfa hay, cut up and well moistened, and thus even a small farm of twenty acres, highly cultivated, can well support one hundred ostriches. The eggs are hatched in incubators, for though the birds will 'set' after laying fifteen eggs, double that number is obtained by their removal to an incubator. The first plucking from chicks six months' old averages $4 per bird at wholesale prices, after which the birds are plucked every seven months, the second plucking averaging $12 50, the third and after, $20, until the birds are full grown, when the annual proceeds from the feathers of an ostrich are over $35. Owing to some eggs being unfertile, it is difficult to estimate the increase; but this might fairly be placed at eight chicks a year from a pair. The unfertile eggs are blown, and have a ready sale at $15 and upwards a dozen. The admission fees of visitors to the ostrich farms are another source of profit. One man can do all the work on such a twenty-acre farm, but at plucking-time extra help is advisable. A duty of twenty-five per cent. levied on raw feathers imported into the United States gives the ostrich-farmer there an additional advantage."

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

SPECULATION as to the future of American architecture is in order when we see a body of architects and artists 250 strong entering elaborate quarters, and spreading before the public for the eighth year in succession an exhibition containing 600 pieces, either elevations of buildings erected and about to be erected, or iron-work, or marbles, or statuary, or stained glass, or hangings—in fine, objects which have to do with the building adornment of structures above the ordinary town or country dwelling.

The care with which these exhibitions are conducted increases each year. The present show is not only larger and more closely confined to things relating to architecture than ever before, but it is arranged in a series of galleries the finest in the land, and with uncommon skill. Stained glass, for example, has never before had proper showing; in the large gallery of the Fine Arts Society on West Fifty-seventh Street a dark chamber has been arranged to show the splendid windows our artist-artisans compose. But in little things the same evidences of thought appear. The Avery prize of fifty dollars secures by competition a design for the catalogue of the exhibition. It was won by J. A. Schweinfurth, of Boston, and honorable mentions were given the designs by Julius Beeckman and Edward B. Edwards, of New York, as well as Claude Fayette Bragdon, of Rochester.

What is the future of an architects' guild conducted after this fashion? The members meet in committee, at banquets, at lectures. They man a large number of social clubs, where they mix with the movement uptown; they labor during the day in the lower city, coming in contact with business men of all kinds. By virtue of the business side of their work they cultivate the practical; but in consequence of their present organization and headquarters they are in close touch with the painters, sculptors, engravers—artists more given over to art, or, what is perhaps another thing, less versed in the practical side of life. To say the least, their position seems very advantageous.

Whilst artists, whether as members of the Architectural League or of the two other bodies associated with the league in the Fine Arts Society, must exert a good influence on the architects, the latter are of great use to the artists. Architects have helped not a little to give the Society of American Artists the lead which that organization takes in the United States, and they have persuaded clients to indulge in luxuries in the matter of decorations which already have had the most healthful effect on some of our painters and sculptors. The most striking instance is the World's Fair, for notwithstanding the fact that in this case architects have taken the lion's share, leaving but crumbs to the artists, those crumbs are worth a good deal. They have afforded sculptors and painters a chance to return to the legitimate sphere of their work, namely, the façades and interiors of magnificent buildings which they have been asked to embellish, and the squares, water-courts and bridges round and near which these buildings rise.

It was most fitting, therefore, that the work of our artists at the World's Fair should be represented at the Architectural League by sketches, scale-drawings, cartoons in color, photographs, plaster casts—all in addition to the views of a large number of State edifices built, or in process of building, at the World's Fair, buildings for Ohio and Iowa, Georgia and North Carolina, Texas and California, Massachusetts and Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire, Minnesota and Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New Jersey, not to speak of the Italian villa for New York designed by McKim, Mead, & White. This exhibit alone is interesting, but some idea of the decorations of the great structures may also be had.

In sculpture there are the models by Phimister Proctor for his polar-bears, which will stand on a bridge; views of colossal heads of artists, by Olin L. Warner, for the Fine Arts; photograph and plaster sketch of French's statue of the Republic, and photograph of French and Potter's four-horse chariot for the Columbian Arch, all at the World's Fair. In painting there are the sketches by W. L. Dodge for the ceiling for the Music Hall, four symbolical figures for the Fine Arts Building, and a tympanum for the Manufactures. Seven of the eight New York painters who decorated the side domes at the entrances of the Manufactures furnish details of their compositions, from the sketch to the enlarged cartoon, and in some instances the sketch for color. They are Messrs. Shirlaw, Beckwith, Weir, Kenyon Cox, Blashfield, Reinhart, and Reid. Many of these studies for the domes are more interesting than the figures in place, because the great height of the vaults makes the latter less easy to see, and the absence of color from the studies allows one to appreciate the fineness of pose and of drawing.

Another case in which architects and artists have combined to advantage is the decoration of the Hotel Waldorf, which Mr. Hardenbergh is putting up for the Astor estate. Maitlaid Armstrong has composed in stained glass a landscape with the church spires of the Rhenish village Waldorf in the distance; this will fill a large lunette. Will H. Low offers studies for several ceilings, sketch for a decorative panel with figure of Echo, another sketch for ceiling, "The Flight of Night," and designs for mosaic, all for the same hotel. Frank Fowler also has Waldorf decorations, studies for ten decorative figures for the ballroom.

The League continues its efforts to lead architecture out of the commercial wastes by granting gold and silver medals to draughtsmen under twenty-five years of age. The subject this year is a fountain which shall commemorate the Discovery. The gold medal went to Alfred F. Evans, of Chicago, and the silver to Hobart A. Walker, of Oak Park, Illinois. But of greater use to architects than medals are these exhibitions themselves, which permit of comparisons between the plans of the most active men in the profession, and thus allow the most absorbed architect an opportunity to learn what is going on. They keep the architects in touch with each other, and spread the knowledge of anything novel and useful. For instance, the Yandell leather hangings are represented this year by a goodly number of pieces, and the artificial marbles of the Mycenian Company can be seen without the trouble of hunting for the address of such products and loss of time in visiting the shops. So with wood-carving, brass-work, and wrought iron. An architect gets a very fair idea what certain shops can be called on to produce, and can make his choice. This is particularly the case with stained glass.

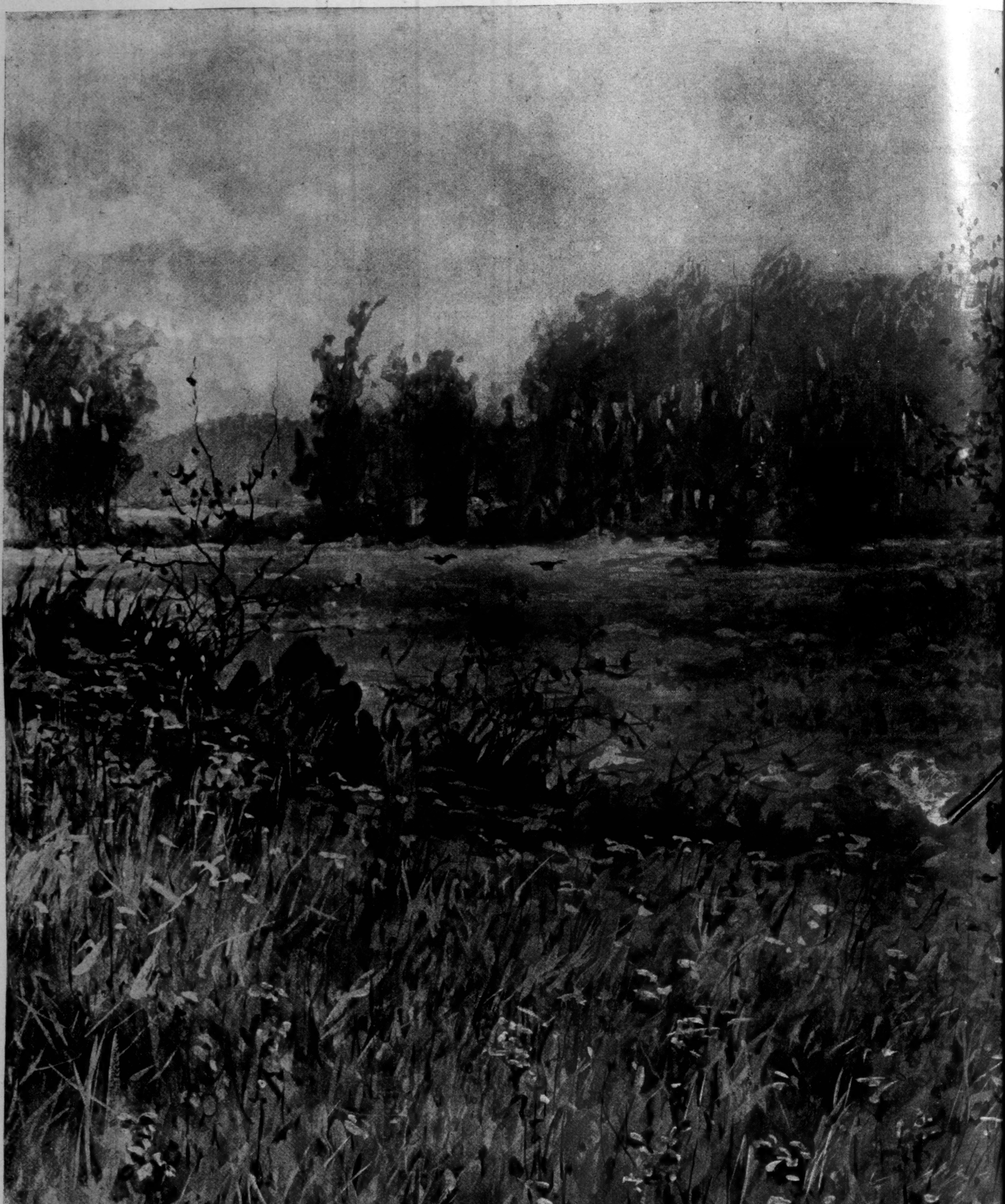
For its proper showing the big annex, or Vanderbilt Gallery, as it is called since Mr. George Vanderbilt presented $100,000 toward its erection, has the dark chamber on the mid-floor already mentioned. Here the Tiffany Glass Company makes a brave show of glass, and John La Farge, Maitland Armstrong, and others display their brilliant compositions, aided at night by artificial light. Cartoons and colored sketches for stained glass and mosaics occupy much wall space in the West Room, showing the various artists who design for glass and their several methods. It lies with the architect, therefore, if he does not know where to get the best that the world affords in stained glass. One may use that expression advisedly, for New York has been for some years the city where the finest stained glass is made.

In an exhibition so heterogeneous and in great part composed of sketches for large works which merely suggest the completed thing—and sometimes suggest it misleadingly—one can hardly say what makes the deepest impression. For mere beauty of color and tone the Persian rugs lent by Mr. H. G. Marquand are the greatest feast for the eyes; Mrs. A. S. Hewitt's tapestries and embroideries, her landscape picture in embroidery and Italian chasubles, are beautiful objects in their way; Duveen lends some tapestries of Beauvais. Native work is represented by Mrs. Wheeler's embroideries, including five pieces designed by as many young work-women.

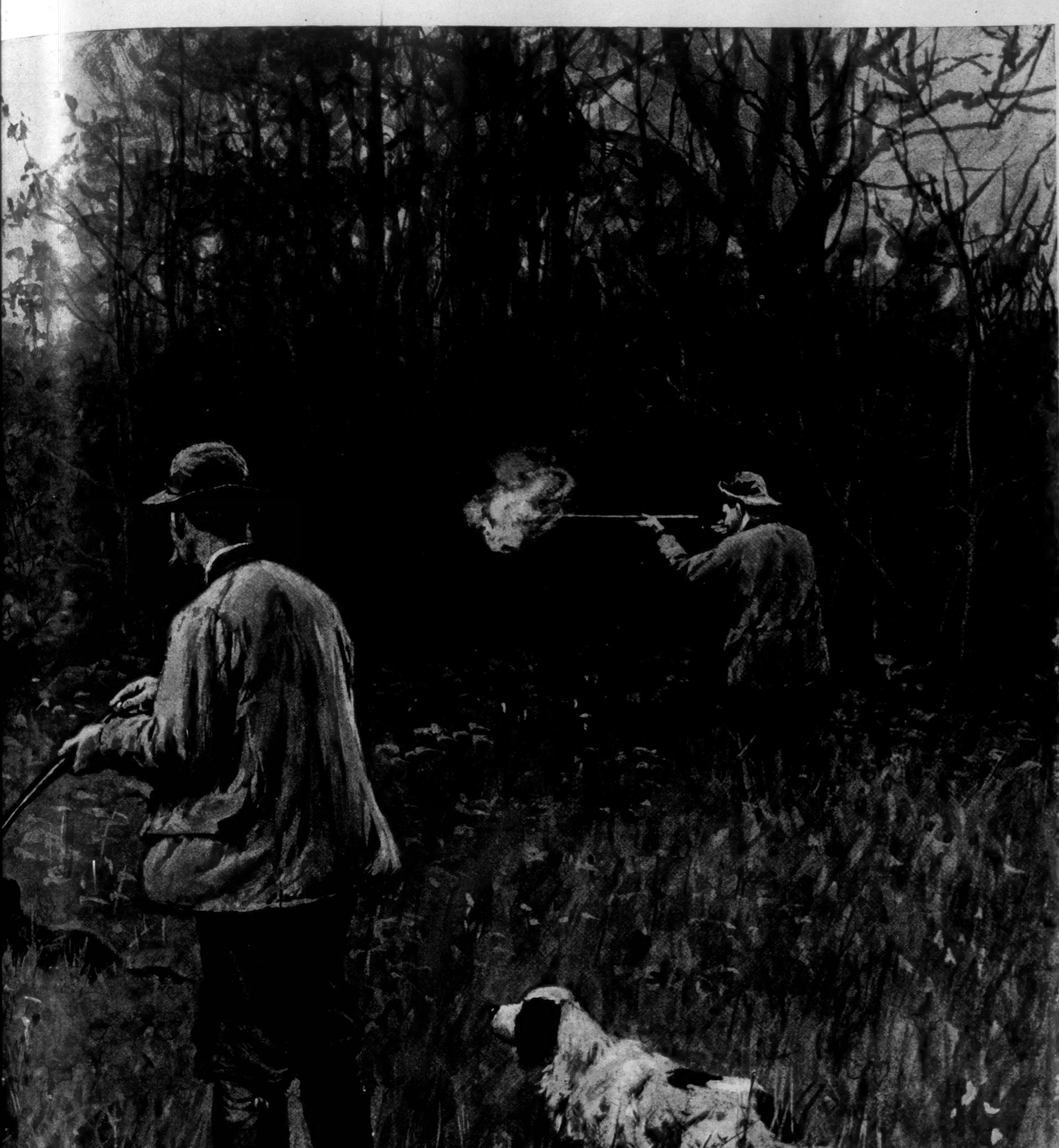
Of objects particularly interesting to New York people there are the plaster cast of one of the bronze doors for Trinity Church, memorials to the late John Jacob Astor, designed and modelled by C. H. Niehaus in his somewhat dry style, the several panels having scenes relating to the history of the church; elevations in colored drawings made in competition for the Manhattan Life-insurance, to stand near the Petroleum Exchange on Broadway, by J. C. Cady & Co., C. W. Clinton, Lamb & Rich, and Babb, Cook, & Willard, of which the design by the last-mentioned firm is much the best, being simplest, most massive, and dignified; the design in front elevation for the Post-graduate Medical School on Second Avenue by William B. Tuthill; and two large designs in perspective for the new St. Luke's Hospital, one by James Brown Lord, the other by the first-place man in the competition, Ernest Flagg. The New York headquarters at the World's Fair, which HARPER'S WEEKLY showed some weeks ago, is here in a colored drawing; and here is a picture of R. W. Gibson's church and collegiate school for the Dutch Reformed congregation on West End Avenue.

But to name the drawings that belong to New York alone would fill a column. It is enough to mark the fact of organization among our architects, and their close alliance with the artists, and to wonder—for who can tell?—what the results will be. It is certain to end by putting great power for good or evil in the hands of architects who become influential enough to direct matters. Along with the rise of the Architectural League into its present prominence there goes a very serious increase of responsibility for the status of art in all parts of the Union.

CHARLES DE KAY.



QUAIL-SHOOTING—FOUR BARRELS



ND FOUR BIRDS.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR BETTER COUNTRY ROADS.

So much has been said about the difficulty of making good country roads without involving a great outlay of money that it seems rather presuming to take a contrary view of the subject, but I think the matter has been much exaggerated, and that in any part of the country where clay, hard-pan, gravel, or disintegrated rock can be found it is quite easy to get excellent roads at comparatively little expense. I speak from some practical experience acquired in road-making in a very wild and hilly region of northern New Jersey, where we are accustomed to work out our taxes on thirteen or more miles of public highway, and by adopting the following system we have found it easy to keep the roads in such good condition that they can be driven over at all times with speed, comfort, and pleasure.

The proper time to begin work or repairs is in the early spring, just after the frost comes out of the ground, as soon as the roads have thoroughly settled and dried out. Where the road is old, with a good solid bed, the first thing to be done is to cover it all over with a light dressing of gravelly material, and when possible finish it off with a top coating of hard-pan; but avoid putting it on too thickly, lest the going become heavy, as it is slow to dry out. Loam is worse than useless, because it never packs properly, and makes mud. Care must be taken to raise the road up toward the centre, and give it a slight elevation at the crown, but only just enough to shed the water on either side into the gutters. On a level, straight road the crown should only be slightly convex, for rounding up a narrow road in the middle is objectionable, insomuch as it has the immediate effect of forcing wheels of vehicles to run always in the same line and wear away the new material into deep ruts that quickly become watercourses for the wash of the next rain, and assist the rapid destruction of the road by preventing the water from reaching the gutters. As fast as the new material can be laid on, it should be very carefully raked over to remove all the large stones and as many of the smaller ones as possible; for where this precaution is neglected until the stuff packs down hard, which happens in a few days, the stones become so firmly embedded that they are not only difficult to remove, but soon cause the road to wear in humps and bumps, and later in the season, during the dry weather, they work up continually and become a source of annoyance and danger. These stones should never be left in piles along the road-side, to be driven into, or scattered about by mischievous boys or stray cattle, but carted immediately away and dumped out of sight. The gutters should then be carefully cleaned by removing from them all deposits of mud, decayed leaves, or branches which have collected there during the winter months; never allow this stuff to be heedlessly thrown along the edges of the gutters or on the banks above them, for the first rains will surely wash all back to its old place, and the work has to be done over again. It is even worse to spread it out on the road, according to the common but mistaken practice of many road-masters, since decayed material can never pack properly, and always tends to make mud in wet and dust in dry weather. Another practical reason in favor of keeping the gutters free just after the roads are first repaired, is that when the heavy spring and summer showers have washed away the greater portion of the good new coating, it is at once caught and retained in the gutters, ready to be used the first time the road needs patching, when a man or two can quickly put it in first-class order by simply shovelling back the material into its old place again and then raking it over.

In the early spring, while the gravel or hard-pan is still sticky or heavy, the process of drying out and packing down can be greatly accelerated by keeping some one raking over the road to level off and smooth down the ruts as fast as they are made by the cutting in of the wheels, instead of allowing them to wear down deeper and deeper and to furnish sure channels for the wash of water which adds to the difficulty and expense of repairing. This method is quicker, easier, and far more economical than rolling, which requires a pair of horses, and it is surprising how great a distance a smart worker can get over and put in perfect order during a day. By repeating this raking once or twice, according to the condition of the road and the amount of travel upon it, the surface will pack down quite as hard and even as that of a park road.

Whenever a mud-puddle appears, owing to some slight depression, in a place so shaded by trees or shadows of hills that the sun loses its power, it should never be left to dry out slowly, day after day giving the wheels a chance to cut into it more deeply, but as soon as discovered a cart-load of good dry gravel should at once be dumped into it, then raked off, tamped down, and perhaps reraked until it packs hard and smooth.

Unfortunately farmers and road-masters have a fixed idea that the one way to prevent hills, long and short, from washing, is to heap upon them quantities of those original tumular obstructions known indifferently as "thank-you-ma'ams," "breaks," or "hummocks," and the number they can squeeze in upon a single hill is positively astonishing. I remember one hill, less than a quarter of a mile long, where I counted once as many as ten of these horse-killers and carriage-destroyers, yet in spite of these clumsy precautions the hill was always in bad order, and horses obliged to walk up it the whole way. Now, however, since the "breaks" have been removed and replaced by culverts, and the road properly graded and rounded at the crown, horses can trot easily either up or down, and it costs very little to keep the hill in good repair. Of course much eloquence, tact, and flattery must be expended to bring about the desirable result of inducing road-masters to abandon their most cherished belief, but in the interest of good roads it is well worth the effort on the part of everybody. When "breaks" are done away with, the crown should merely be raised somewhat higher than on a level road, giving it a good pitch to the gutters, which in this case must be sufficiently wide and deep to contain the large amount of running water that often accumulates so rapidly on a hill during a heavy shower as to resemble a small torrent. At certain intervals, therefore, where too large a body of water would collect for the capacity of the gutters, instead of the antiquated "break," a culvert must be introduced, which will afford the means of carrying off the overflow into the adjoining woods or fields.

This question of culverts is really quite an important one, since they bear almost the same relations to roads that keystones do to arches. Culverts made by putting together jointed cement or glazed earthen-ware pipes are the most satisfactory, being easier handled and comparatively inexpensive, and when laid a certain distance below the surface, run little or no danger of being broken. But to obviate this they should be laid diagonally across the road, which prevents the weight of wagons from bearing upon them all at once, and also gives them better fall. An eight or twelve inch pipe will carry off a large amount of water, but where the volume increases to the size of a small stream, a twelve to fifteen inch pipe will be found to work admirably. On long hills it is advisable to lay some eight-inch pipes at reasonable distances apart, dividing up the gutters into short sections instead of giving them a free flow down the entire length of hill, and attempting to have the mass of water carried off by means of a large pipe introduced at the bottom, for in case of stoppage at this point, the road must necessarily be cut out. Shortening the length of gutters means diminishing the water's force and power to wash away material from banks, or to cut so deeply into the road edges. The difference in the cost of small pipes over a large one is not only exceedingly slight, but the little extra expense involved through putting them in is more than saved in one season alone. A short steep hill needs only a single pipe placed near the foot of the hill. These culverts have one advantage over all others, namely, a concave bottom with a smooth glazed surface, which allows the water to rush through so freely that it carries all obstructions before it, and permits no rubbish to choke up the pipes. These require no further attention than a slight examination every spring to see if the frost has cracked a joint, or the ubiquitous country boy has taken it upon himself to stop up the opening by stuffing small stones into it.

When carefully built, stone culverts are not bad, but they are expensive to make well, and, as a rule, their sides are laid up so carelessly in dry walls of such small-sized stones that they are liable to upheave and be thrown down by frost. Moreover, the flat stones laid across the top are often so badly dressed and fitted together that the gravel covering them keeps sifting through the cracks, filling up the culvert and exposing the holes on top, which are either chinked up with cobble-stones or left bare until some horse gets hurt and a row is made, with the only result that more earth is spread over, and the same process is kept up *ad infinitum*. Left entirely to himself, the native road-master prefers a more primitive culvert of his own make, which has the enormous merit in his eyes of being cheap, quick and easy of construction. His method, delightful in its simplicity, consists in digging a trench across the road, and bridging it over with a few split green chestnut rails cut by the road-side, which are afterwards covered with earth or sod heaped above the level of the road in such a manner as to make a disagreeable "break." Besides its liability to become choked and useless, this sort of culvert is particularly objectionable because it is always neglected and forgotten, being left to rot, until at last some horse's foot crashes through it, and the driver may consider himself lucky if the animal escapes with nothing worse than a slight wrench or scratch. During harvest, when it is almost impossible to get men to do any continuous work not connected with farming, to save time we are sometimes obliged to put in a temporary box culvert, made of planks nailed together like a long narrow box open at both ends. These culverts are a slight improvement on the local ones made from chestnut rails, inasmuch as, being quite flat on top, they do not destroy the road's level surface; but, unless care is taken to have them made of oaken planks, they rot out even more quickly than the others.

It is naturally a simpler matter to keep in good order those roads that have been constructed in the first place upon correct principles; but the so-called "old Revolutionary roads" have such a characteristic way of twisting and winding about or climbing over the highest points of hills to avoid ledges and bowlders that they require an entirely different sort of treatment, and can only be improved by slowly and patiently straightening them out through blasting and by removing all obstructions. Any attempt to improve these roads by covering up their rocks and ledges is worse than useless, for the earth cannot hold for any length of time on their hard smooth surfaces, consequently a season's rains are certain to wash away every bit of covering from the road-bed, leaving the stones more exposed than ever, from which doubtless arises the popular tradition throughout the country that stones actually grow. In spite of many repairs, year after year, small stones would keep working up, and the only way we found to prevent this was, for several seasons, to keep a couple of boys taking out each stone with a pick or crowbar as fast as it appeared, filling up the hole afterwards with the best gravel or hard-pan, tamping it down with a shovel, and then raking it over. In this way a smooth firm road-bed was finally secured to work upon, making all subsequent repairs light and durable. The tops of pointed rocks that stuck up were either knocked off with a sledge-hammer or blown up with a charge of powder, and all obstructions in the gutters removed in the same way, the sharp sudden turns in the road modified and rounded off, and the crown lowered to its proper height. It is extraordinary what inexhaustible patience and wonderful constitutions our ancestors must have possessed to enable them to jolt contentedly, day after day, over the same old obstacles, without its seemingly occurring to them to make any effort to remove the obstructions; and on a really bad road how one longs for similar philosophy and such admirable backbone!

Another excellent precaution, but one rarely attended to, is the cutting away of brush and weed growth along the road, particularly around the inside of a sharp turn or bend, in order to enable one to see if any traps are coming from the opposite direction; for in these days of fast driving, when every man imagines he owns a trotter, a narrow winding road becomes dangerous unless means are provided to get out of the way of the "old mare" as she tears around the corner. Brush when not cut down every season encroaches with incredible rapidity, and spreads so fast into the gutters that if neglected it narrows the roads perceptibly, and the same thing is true of weeds and grass, although in a lesser degree; they also should be removed at least once every year. Not, however, by the following reprehensible process, which finds great favor in the eyes of road-masters and farmers, and consists in sending out the "boy" with a yoke of oxen, or the "hired man" with a team to run a couple of furrows up and down the gutters with a plough, thereby loosening but not destroying all this vegetable growth, which is then either left to obstruct the gutters with useless ridges, or flung out over the road to pack down in all sorts of unequal masses.

The introduction of broad tires upon all farm wagons and carts adapted for heavy draught purposes alone would do much to improve roads, since half the trouble seems to arise from heavy loads carting over country roads at seasons of the year when the ground is soft. At Tuxedo, where all draught wagons are prohibited an entry unless furnished with broad-tired wheels, the tremendous advantage over the ordinary tires has been plainly proved, for there, even when the roads are softest and at their worst, they never cut up through the constant carting of heavy loads of brick, stone, or lumber over them; for the tires, by being so broad that they cannot cut in and hence track in the same place, act somewhat like rollers in keeping the roads hard and smooth. So much might be accomplished in this way if every one living in the country, when buying a farm wagon or cart, would not only make a point of getting one with broad tires, but would at the same time exert their influence to that effect with their friends and neighbors. For could the merit of these tires as road-improvers once become known throughout the country, public spirit alone would cause their use to become general, and much of the present trouble arising from the deep rutty condition of the roads would cease as if by magic.

SARAH COOPER HEWITT.

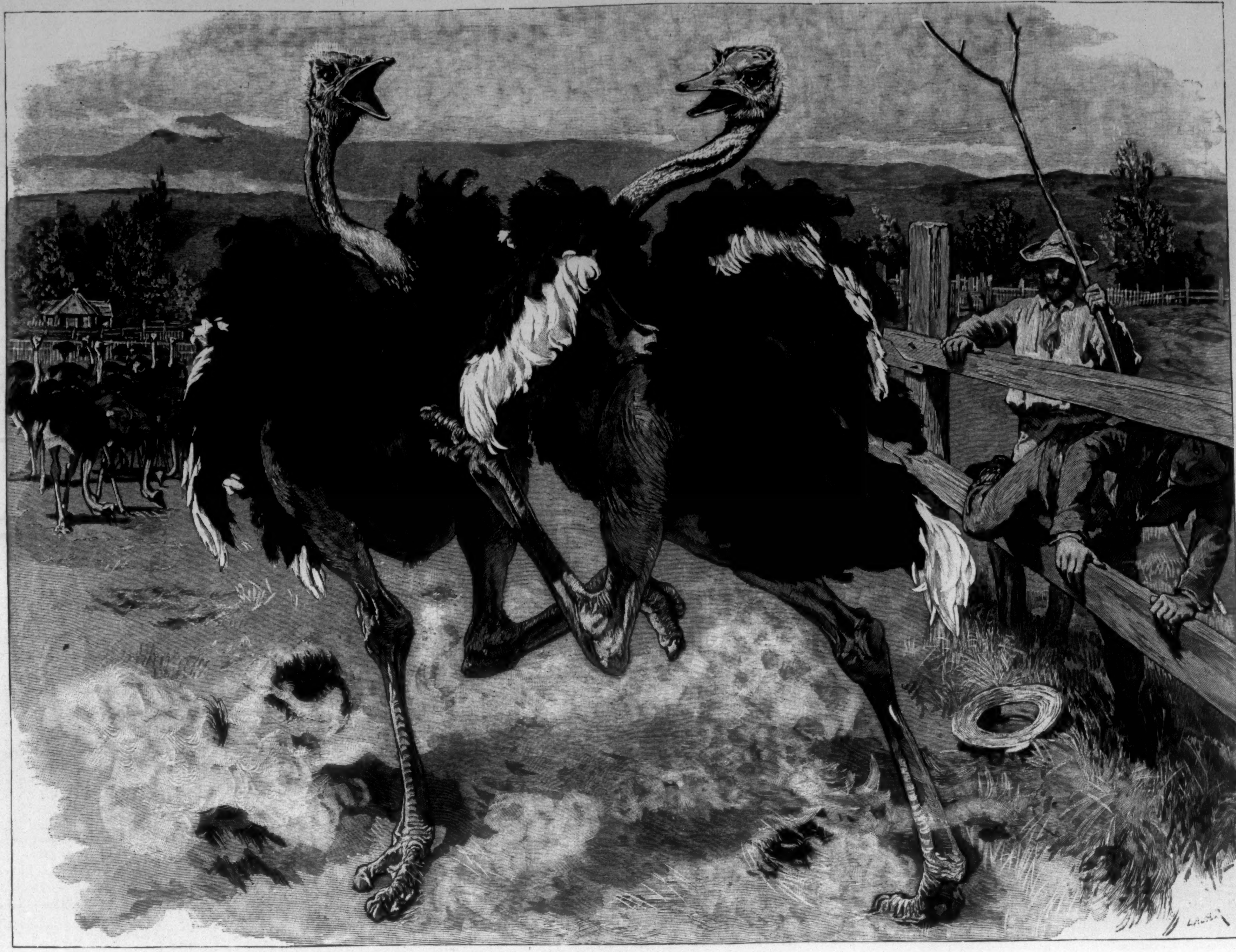
THE REIGN OF WINTER.

A COLD Thanksgiving and a white Christmas for the first time in many years certainly gave warning of what the winter had in store for us, but the wiseacres and amateur weather prophets pooh-poohed the idea of any lasting reign of cold. "Why," laughed they, "the seasons now have changed. A cold winter with plenty of snow is a thing of the past." And so they continued to talk, advising all men to make what they could out of the gentle freeze at Christmas-time. But with the advent of 1893 the predictions of the old year were verified. The first three weeks of January were freeze, thaw, freeze, with very little thaw. But the combination played particular havoc with all kinds of shipping and navigation, and the worst is to come. At one time last week the old sea-dogs and the river boatmen about New York staid ashore, and over the fire predicted the most awful things if the mercury went any lower, and told of horrible things that would happen if a mild spell set in. The cold strengthened, and traffic on the water was almost at a standstill. The boats in the bay had a terrible siege for two or three days about the middle of the month, when the weather moderated, and large fields of ice came down the rivers and choked the waters of the harbor. The Staten Island ferry-boats had a most unenviable time for a while. One day there were three or four of them held in the pack of ice, wholly unable to move, while the horses and passengers could do nothing but shiver with the cold. Several hours were consumed in making the trip from St. George to the Battery, a run of six miles, that generally takes thirty minutes. These boats lay helpless for hours until the turn of the tide, when the ice cracked and set seaward, thus enabling the boats to reach the nearest dock with the aid of several strong tugs. Business men, due at their offices at nine or ten, reached the city at the luncheon hour, and some of the late ones did not get up at all because there were no boats to take. There was no attempt at schedule time, and some trips had to be abandoned altogether at night. Tugs and barges were caught in this awful jam, a tramp steamer keeping them company. Some ferries had to forego any trips at all during the blockade, and many ferry slips had to be abandoned altogether owing to the ice packed within. A Brooklyn ferry-boat took three hours to land on one occasion, and was obliged to summon a tug to force its way.

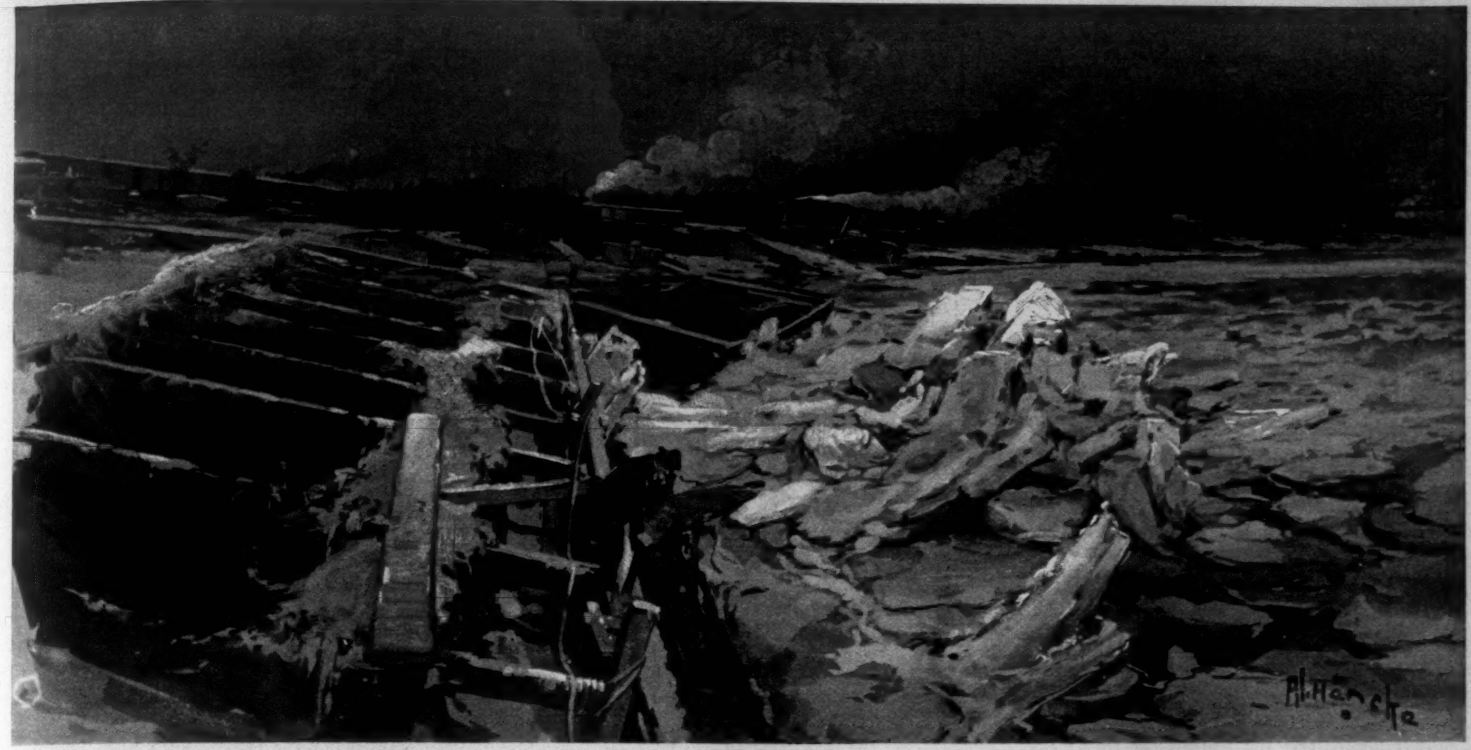
The tugs did noble service when they were not frozen in. They would back a short distance, put on a full head of steam, and go crash-bang into the ice, making a little channel. But it was slow work, as only a few feet were gained each time. After a few days of extremely severe and dangerous travel, most of the ice went down to the lower bay, and there froze up. The Staten Island boats were enabled to make their trips, accompanied and assisted by tugs, in a comparatively short time. The rivers meanwhile having been frozen tight and fast, very little ice came down into the bay; but around the shores, by long docks, and in the basins on all sides, the ice was solid, and many vessels were unable to move. The Sound steamers managed to keep a small channel open, but there were great fields of ice all about, and the Hudson was frozen across almost down to the ferries. At Yonkers many people crossed on the ice to New Jersey, although one of the first who tried it fell in. But as this man's name was Snow, the disaster may be accounted for. At Nyack, where the river is three and a half miles in width, a safe passage to the opposite shore was easily made. When all this ice breaks up and comes down into the bay, boats of all kinds will probably be laid up; and should another freezing spell set in after the bay is choked up, then sea-dogs and boatmen will have even less to do than now.

New York is, or was, by no means the only sufferer from the cold. The mercury has hovered about zero, but rarely fallen below it, except in the upper portion of the State. In the Northwest it is reported that the cold was so great that after doing its best to register 30° or 40° below zero, the mercury simply froze and couldn't do any more. The Southern States experienced weather which was simply "unprecedented," as the despatches put it. The oldest inhabitant cannot recall such an intense or prolonged cold spell, and is miserable in consequence. On the Tennessee and North Carolina line, a despatch of January 16th stated that snow was nine inches deep and the thermometer 14° below zero. The Cumberland River is frozen solid, and people are skating in districts where the inhabitants never before saw skates. In Virginia, at various points, it was 10° below zero, and the suffering of the natives terrible. Even in Charleston ice has remained in the streets all day, and there everybody had a terrible time. "Winter resorts" have become the resorts of winter, and it is impossible to estimate the damage the intense cold has brought to the South. As far down as Titusville, Florida, freezing weather was experienced.

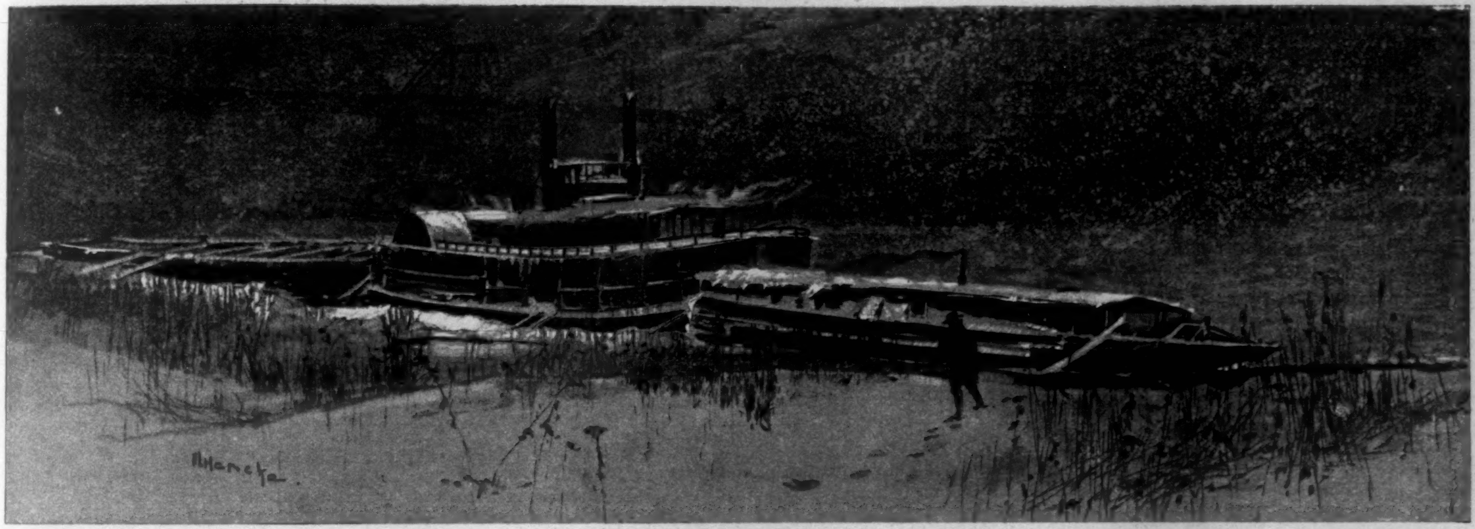
Coal famines are generally threatened in many large cities, and in some cases the danger is still very great. Cincinnati was probably the worst off at one time. There the coal supply ran short, and only by extraordinary efforts was any procured. The *Enquirer* newspaper managed to obtain some coal, and sold it in quantities of not more than a ton to the poor at slight cost. Another paper gave bread to the poverty-stricken people of the city who were thrown out of employment by the cold. The Ohio River is frozen across and wagons have crossed on the ice. About the river-front of Cincinnati boats were kept moving to and fro in order to keep the river open, but it was impossible to prevent the ice from gaining the upper hand. There are several gorges of great height and strength at different portions of the river, and the greatest danger is not yet passed. It was proposed to the United States engineers to blow these dangerous spots up with dynamite, but the Federal authorities would not allow the money for the purpose. A fall in the river would break up the boats now held fast by the ice, and a rise would also do great damage. It is a most unpleasant position altogether, especially as the weather gives no signs of abatement. The present year has started in sure enough to make itself remembered in one way at least.



OSTRICH-FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.—[See Page 82.]

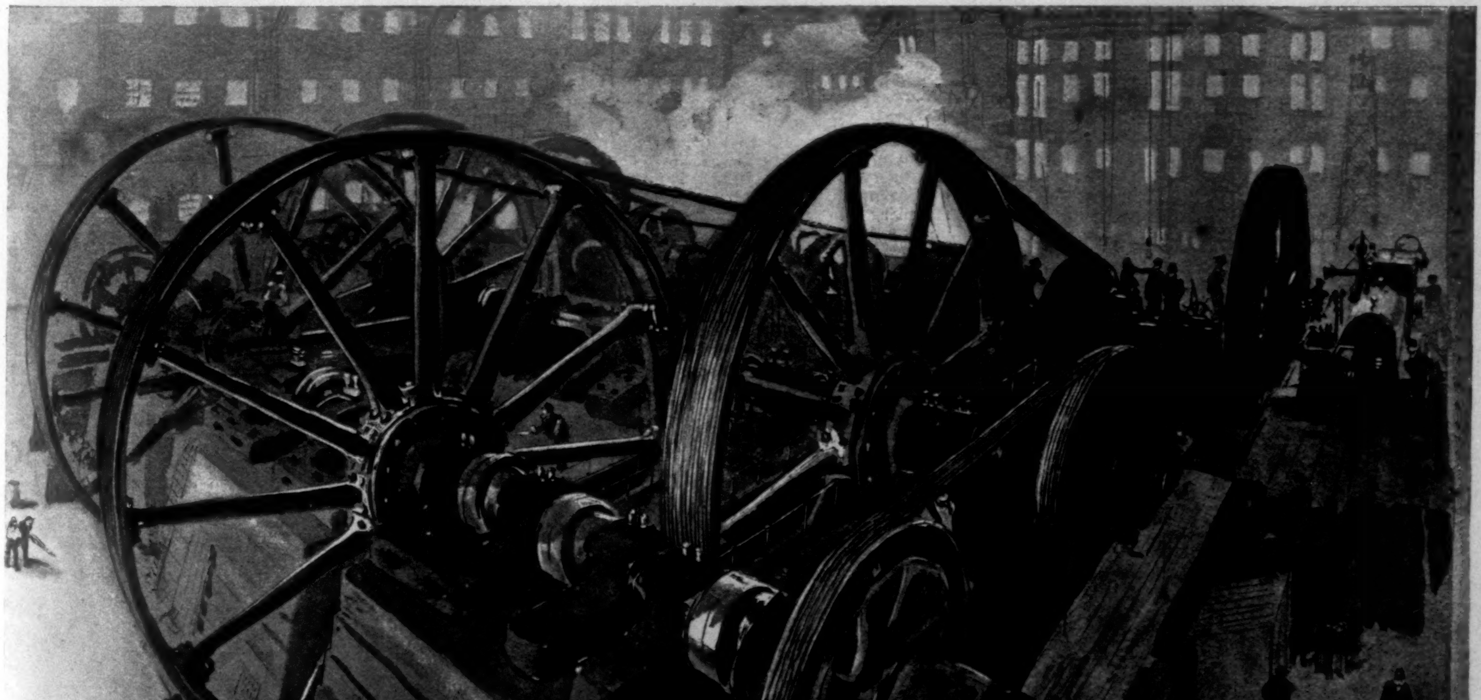


THE JAM ON THE OHIO RIVER NEAR CINCINNATI.



COVINGTON, KENTUCKY, WHERE THE GOVERNMENT OFFICERS INTENDED BLASTING WITH DYNAMITE.

THE ICE GORGE ON THE OHIO.—DRAWN BY A. HENCKE AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANDY, CINCINNATI.—[SEE PAGE 87.]



THE NEW CABLE ROAD ON BROADWAY, NEW YORK—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE POWER-HOUSE AT FIFTY-FIRST STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

IN THE WHITE WOODS.

When winds are wild o'er steep and plain,
And Nature's beauty seems to wane,
The winter woods are still as fair
As when the summer lingered there;
All is white and chaste and hushed
When Nature, tired and summer-flushed,
Lays her down where snows are deep,
And sinks into her beauty sleep.

And Nature's lovers love her best
Sleeping through her winter's rest.

Francis S. Palmer.

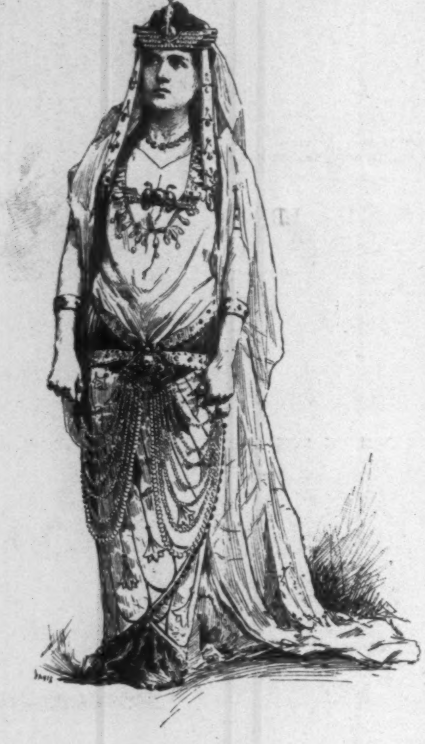
Music and Drama

The principal event of interest in a rather featureless dramatic and musical week was Mr. Daly's revival of Sheridan's comedy, *School for Scandal*, as the fourth production of his annual old-comedy season. *School for Scandal* is one of those absolutely great plays which never grow old; time cannot change or custom stale its infinite variety. As it is said, too, that a new generation of theatre-goers appears every two years, it rather strengthens one's opinion that quite a goodly proportion of the audience at Daly's the other night had apparently never heard the play before. Dramatic art does not seem to have made any very important advance since Sheridan's time, as, in point of deftness of construction, of humor, wit, and satire in dialogue and situation, of sustained interest and vivid portrayal of character, no better comedy than *School for Scandal* has ever been written, and certainly none better has been given to the world since it was first produced in 1777. Why, the ideas in the fourth act alone have furnished the starting-point for comedies and farces in every language. Possibly the stage has gained in variety of incident since Sheridan penned his immortal comedy, but certainly not in variety of character, and it may well be that the variety of realistic incident which modern dramatic taste seems to call for in modern plays has not a little to do with the decline in the art of acting and play-writing since Sheridan's time. *School for Scandal* was written by Mr. Sheridan for the ordinary stock company at the Drury Lane Theatre. Probably there were a dozen actors in that one company who could have played Sir Peter Teazle, and played him well; it would be difficult to find at the present day the same number, both in England and America, who would be adequate in the part.

In view of this, Mr. Daly's season of revivals of old standard comedies is of unquestionable advantage to both actors and audience, in showing the one what a well-constructed play which can stand the test of time and the almost complete change of manners and customs incident thereto ought to be, and in giving the others practice and experience in the way such a play ought to be acted. As a whole, the revival of *School for Scandal* was an enjoyable one, though, perhaps, not altogether equal in merit to one or two previous ones in this city, notably that at Wallack's Theatre at the close of Mr. Wallack's management in the spring of 1887. The truthfulness and charm of Miss Rehan's impersonation of Lady Teazle are too familiar to New York playgoers to call for extended comment; but one can hardly refrain from noting specially the artistic and logical development of a conception of the part which is none the less admirable because in a measure unconventional.

At first sight Miss Rehan's Lady Teazle seems almost too impertinent, too frivolous, and too restless, and one is rather inclined to sympathize with the irascible Sir Peter than with the lady herself in their quarrels. But in the great scene of the fourth act we realize that the half-cooked country girl, suddenly raised to a sphere of life beyond her own, and with almost childish thoughtlessness determined to out-Herod Herod in fashion and frivolity, for the first time sees what the world is and what her position in it means, and the full force, subtlety, and surpassing excellence and art of the whole conception comes home to us. It is a pleasure also to be able to record the success made by Mr. Arthur Bourchier, whose appearance as Charles Surface had been awaited with considerable curiosity. A certain lack of finish in delivery, and an absence of the reckless elegance natural to a gay spendthrift and man of fashion, noticeable in Mr. Bourchier's impersonation, were more than atoned for by a geniality, heartiness, and humor which were most sincere and most convincing, and which made the audience realize from the first that the judgment of Sir Oliver in regard to his two nephews was the correct one. Evidently Mr. Bourchier shows to better advantage as a light comedian than as the conventional *jeune premier*. As regards the rest of the cast, the shadow of Mr. Gilbert rather obscured the quiet excellencies of Mr. Wheatleigh's Sir Peter, while the elegant finish of Mr. Herbert's Backbite and Mr. Lesoir's Trip was as evident as of yore. In the hands of Mr. Clarke, Joseph Surface was clumsy rather than shrewd, blundering, rather insinuating, and although admirable in many respects, one could hardly recognize in his impersonation the subtle attraction and fascination which could ensnare such a woman as Lady Teazle. Mrs. Gilbert was, as usual, excellent, and the rest of the cast was at least adequate to satisfactorily complete the groupings around the principal characters. Lord Tennyson's pastoral comedy, *The Foresters*, is next in order in the series of old-comedy revivals.

This week will witness the rise above the horizon of a new dramatic star, which, if report speak truly, should be of the first magnitude. Italian dramatic art has been made known to the American public hitherto principally through Salvini, Rossi, and Madame Ristori, and its supreme power and excellence in each of these instances was so marked that the arrival of a new and much-heralded exponent of that art in the person of Miss Eleonora Duse, who appears for the first time in this country at the Fifth Avenue this week, has been awaited with no little curiosity, expectation, and interest. Miss Duse, who was born at Vigevano, a small town in northern Italy, comes of a theatrical family, both her father and grandfather having been actors of no little ability and considerable local reputation. She went on the stage when twelve years old, and after considerable experience with travelling companies, finally became leading lady at the Florentine Theatre at Naples. Although considered a great actress in Italy, where every one knew of her name and fame, her reputation has only travelled into the big world beyond in the last year, during which she has made a most successful *tournée* of the great European capitals, where, it is said, her appearances have excited the utmost enthusiasm. Thirty-two years of age, and not, strictly speaking, beautiful, her artistic strength is said to lie in her power of sinking her personality absolutely in the author's conception, and in a personal magnetism and fascination which, as it were, hypnotizes an audience. It is reported that Dumas has said, "It is to be regretted for our French dramatic art that this unsurpassed artiste is not French." Coming from a Frenchman, this is the highest possible praise. The great characteristic of this actress which raises her above all her contemporaries is said to be her truth in feeling and action, and the manner in which she eliminates all artifice, method, and everything that partakes of the artificial in her impersonations. Miss Duse will have to be a great actress indeed to realize all the expectations which have been raised by the commendation which has been passed upon her before her appearance; but as good actresses are rare, it is sincerely to be hoped that she will prove one.



ELEONORA DUSE.

It is curious that of late years, whether by accident or design, the works of the great French composers resident in Paris have had their first presentation outside that city. Massenet's opera, *Werther*, produced in Vienna nearly a year ago with great success, has only recently been performed in Paris, where it did not make the triumph it was expected to. In *Werther*, of which the subject is cleverly drawn from Goethe's great romance, Massenet has to a certain extent endeavored to apply the principles of the Wagnerian music-drama to ordinary social life. There is no chorus, and the music is made up largely of recitative in the Wagnerian style. The piece is in four acts, of which the first and third would appear to be the best, the second act being spoken of as indifferent, and the last as bad. There is an evident lack of purpose in the music of this opera, which, it is said, lays it open to severe criticism. At times the music is of the ultra-Wagnerian school, and then again exhibits the meretricious superficiality of the Italian style. Altogether, whatever success the work has appears to be due to the fresh beauty of the first act, an arietta for Charlotte in the second act, and a superb scene for the same character in the third act, with a magnificent "air des larmes" for soprano. Mlle. Delmas, who appeared as Charlotte, made a great success; the Werther of M. Ibos was not good. On the whole, it would seem that M. Massenet had not been altogether successful in his attempt to ingraft Wagnerian principles and methods on what is, strictly speaking, lyric opera.

Two melodramas—one of English, the other of native manufacture—have been produced on local stages during the past week, which partly illustrate the present tendency in dramatic work of making realistic incident do duty for, and take the place of, dramatic construction, dramatic characterization, and almost everything else which is usually considered as necessary attributes of a successful play. In the one, *The Flag of Truce*, the hero lies wounded in a stone quarry, under a derrick, on which is suspended a large block of recently quarried stone; the villain cuts the rope, and the audience gasps for breath as the hero is pulled from beneath the descending stone just in time to escape being crushed, and then breaks forth into wild enthusiasm. This is a specimen of American dramatic inventiveness. In the other, called *The Span of Life*, in order to effect the escape of the heroine and a child, who are pursued by Arabs, three men, evidently acrobats rather than actors by profession, mount on each other's shoulders, and, falling forward, form a living bridge across a chasm, over which the pursued heroine retreats to safety. This feat, whether as dangerous as it appears or not, is certainly thrilling, and succeeded, like the previously mentioned one, in eliciting tumultuous applause. This eminently dramatic conception is of English origin. If realism of this kind be pushed much further, the next thing in order on the stage will be gladiatorial shows of the kind popular in ancient Rome. Possibly this might be an efficacious way of disposing of our criminal classes; but the popularity of these and similar devices would seem to indicate that our popular dramatic taste is at a pretty low ebb.

The present theatrical and musical week, which will be marked by the opening of a new theatre with a new play of American parentage, the first appearance of an eminent Italian tragedienne, and the inauguration of a season of opera in English, with a new opera, *Boabdil*, hitherto unheard in this country, is certainly of exceptional interest, and of sufficient variety to interest the most hardened and *blasé* first-nighters. Of all this, more anon.

Reginald de Koven.

CRINOLINE.

The times are ominous. The last end of the nineteenth century is like a bad old man with a sinister threat in his eye. The air is thick with whisperings. We shiver and look over our shoulders, hardly knowing what we shall see; we cringe as if some blow were about to fall on us—what, whence, why, we do not know, but we cringe. The steeple of the church seems quivering in the very act of toppling on our heads; scandal springs on us from innocent-looking corners; war thrusts a menacing face at us. We start back from one horror only to stumble on another.

But what are they all—all these bugaboos of the troubled times (I speak to the women of America)—what are all the "army bills," "Panama scandals," "tariff reforms," "reciprocity treaties," "home-rule bills," "papal delegates," "silver situations," "Tammanys," "deals," immigrants, pensions, McGlynns, Parkhursts, Briggses, Corrigans, beside the new disaster that threatens us—crinoline? The question is not asked in a flippant spirit. There is a dark significance under the seemingly trivial agitation; there is more involved in the issue than a few yards of horse-hair stiffening. Under such innocent guises some of their greatest woes have stolen upon humanity.

But a great light has burst in upon our darkness; the hidden springs of the movement have been revealed to us as by a lightning flash from heaven. Promptly we sound the note of alarm to rouse all the women of the land to join hands in concerted action against a common foe—man. For who can doubt for a moment that man is at the bottom of the whole black business?

With a jealous eye he has long watched his fair competitor gaining on him in the races, ousting him from positions he considered his by divine right, pushing into his colleges, snatching his prizes, riding his bicycles, drawing his salaries, and sulkily he has noted, keeping pace with this movement, the evolution of her clothes; for, with his other prerogatives, she seemed to be seizing upon the pre-eminent one of sensible dress. When she stepped out in front of him finally in her "blazer suit," with its trim and narrow skirt, its neat shirt front and cuffs, its comfortable blazer, its accompaniment of tie, belt, dog-skin gloves, and sailor hat, his rage knew no bounds. He might have forgiven her even then if that had been all; but when he knew that under her arm she carried a lawyer's brief, or a professor's diploma, or a doctor's medicine-case, or a ledger, or a lecture, or a sermon, or some other symbol of her profession, he darkly vowed vengeance. And mark how craftily he sets to work! To lure her back to the old manner of dress, he argues, will be to lure her back to the old manner of life, and subdue her to her proper sphere; he will bind her again with the old shackles, and once more she will crouch submissive at his feet. And again I say, mark his cunning! With a ruffle—an innocent ruffle—he decoys her to the first step; with inoffensive stiffening he entices her on; with a breadth here and a breadth there he leads on by insensible degrees; and behold she is in crinoline up to her knees!

But the evil does not stop at that. As we said before, that is merely a simpering mask for an ugly fact. A wire, harmless in itself, is insinuated—two wires—three—good heavens, she is caged in a hoop-skirt! And wait a minute; that isn't all. With the hoop-skirt must come the old poke-bonnet; for who could imagine wearing a sailor or Derby hat with a hoop skirt? And the old pelisse or shawl folded three-cornerwise; for fancy wearing a blazer jacket with a hoop-skirt! And so on and on, until he sees before him the ideal women as she looks in the old-fashioned daguerreotypes and prints of his grandfather's time, prim and balloon-like, gathering her shawl about her shoulders with silk-mitted hands, and smiling modestly in the depths of her poke, under the ample roof of a toadstool sunshade. Look at her! and then say if it would be possible for this human umbrella to go to court to argue a case, to mount the pulpit to preach a sermon, to drive a coach, to run a ranch, to do the thousand and one things that are supposed to be the birthright of the lords of creation, with their unhampered legs.

Such is our diagnosis. To suggest a remedy is another matter. If our enemy would come out and fight "like a man"—oh, irony of language!—we would not tremble for the issue. But when he works with "the craft and subtlety of the devil," with like craft and subtlety must he be met. An indefinite idea or two suggests itself to our mind that others may elaborate and put into execution—a Crinoline Bill to be laid before Congress, a Pope of Fashion established in Paris, with an Apostolic Delegate to America, a Salvation Army—but, doubtless, ideas will not be wanting when once the spark has been kindled.

The situation is a grave one. We solemnly appeal to all the women of this free, unfettered country to bring the proverbial ingenuity of their united intellects to bear upon it, to suggest some measure whereby the hand of vengeance may be stayed, and the curse of crinoline averted from their unoffending heads—we would say, feet. Our sisters of England have instituted a No-Crinoline League, each member of which binds herself by a solemn pledge to "do all in her power to prevent the wearing of" the abomination; shall we be less bold, less zealous, more easily ensnared than they? No! no! we cannot but believe that the blood of the "Daughters of Liberty" still courses in the veins of the women of this land, and that it will stir them to battle for their freedom in the grave crisis that approaches.

In those stirring Revolutionary times one of those same patriotic "daughters" wrote, "I hope there are none of us but would sooner wrap ourselves in sheep and goat skins than buy English goods of a people who have insulted us in such a scandalous manner." This, sisters, is the spirit for us to emulate! Rather than submit to be incarcerated in the diabolical cage into which our oppressor would drive us, "I hope there are none of us but would sooner wrap ourselves in sheep and goat skins!" Louise Worthington.

PAINTING BY MACHINERY.

In the painting of the buildings of the exposition the necessity for some method of covering their great areas which would be more rapid and less expensive than the brush was realized almost from the beginning of construction. Where such extensive wooden construction is used it is impracticable, if not quite impossible, to dress all surfaces, and there exist many spaces inaccessible to the brush; further than this, the rough or "whiskered" lumber makes the life of the brushes exceedingly short.

As early in the period of preparation of the exposition as the placing of foundations, careful consideration was given this subject, and efforts made to perfect a painting-machine. The earlier experiments were, however, far from successful, and it was not until the buildings were ready for their decoration that the subject was again taken up. Additional impetus was now given by the fact that there remained insufficient time before the opening of the exposition to accomplish so vast a work by hand. Some weeks were occupied in further experiments, Mr. F. D. Millet, director of decoration, and his assistant, Mr. C. Y. Turner, each giving much time and attention to the problem. Meanwhile the painting of the buildings then nearing completion progressed as rapidly as possible by hand in the usual manner. Finally a machine which successfully sprayed color upon the surfaces to be covered, on the same general principle as the "atomizer," was produced and immediately set to work. In this first successful apparatus the color (in nearly all cases kalsomine) was passed directly through the rotary engine used for compressing air; but because of its gritty nature the wear was so great as to become a serious objection, and to render a more satisfactory method of introducing the color necessary. Further work produced the machine which is now a most important factor in the rapid completion of the fair.

A Turner rotary engine, invented by Mr. T. G. Turner, of New York, driven by a five-horse-power electric motor, provides the compressed air in cases where the pneumatic system of the exposition is not available. This engine furnishes the required pressure in a uniform manner, without the cumbersome air-chamber necessary to overcome pulsation of compressors operated upon the cylinder and piston principle. The engine, electric motor, color reservoir, etc., are mounted upon a truck, which is readily moved from place to place. Into the reservoir the kalsomine is poured after having been properly mixed, and through it from the bottom there is forced a jet of air at a pressure of eighteen or twenty pounds per square inch. In this manner the contents are kept agitated, and any deposit of sediment prevented. From the top of the reservoir the air is then conducted through a pipe to a point on the outside near the base, and here, by means of a half-inch regulating valve, the color passes into the main air-pipe, where it unites with the compressed air, forming a spray which passes into an ordinary three-quarter inch garden hose of any desirable length. At the end of this hose is attached a nozzle, a simple arrangement, consisting of a brass pipe flattened out so as to leave an aperture one-sixteenth of an inch in width and about an inch and a half long. One machine furnishes spray for two nozzles, each being operated by a skilled painter, who applies the color as one would handle a lawn-sprinkling hose. While trained painters are not absolutely necessary to the proper operation of the appliance, it has been found that better results are obtained by their employment. From ordinary scaffolding the color is sprayed upon the wood-work in sections, the machine being moved as work progresses.

In many cases in the main buildings the use of a separate compressor has been unnecessary, the exposition having in operation throughout the grounds an underground system of compressed air for the movement of the ejectors in connection with drainage of the grounds. Where this system is available the process is the same, except that the compressed air is heated by means of a coil adjusted in a salamander containing a coke fire. This secures the proper temperature, and enables the machine to work in very cold weather, when hand-painting is impossible. Heating is not required where individual compressors are used, because the friction of the machine raises the temperature of the air to the required point.

There are now at work within the grounds fourteen machines, each with a force of three men, covering an average of 140 squares, or 14,000 square feet, per working day of eight hours. A comparative test recently made showed that one painter could cover with a brush a daily average of about eight squares, while a machine upon similar work accomplished with equally satisfactory results nearly twenty times this amount, there being, however, two nozzlemen for each machine. As high as 304 squares have been done by one machine in eight hours, but this was an exceptional case, where all conditions were favorable for rapid work. December 8, 1892, a number of machines began work upon the interior of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. At the end of three weeks, with a daily average of about thirty men, 1,332,669 square feet—one-half of the entire surface to be covered—had been finished. One of the advantages of this system is that in the coldest weather, when brushes are frozen solidly in transit from pail to wall, the machine-work goes actively ahead.

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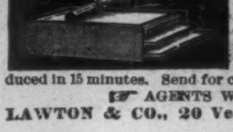

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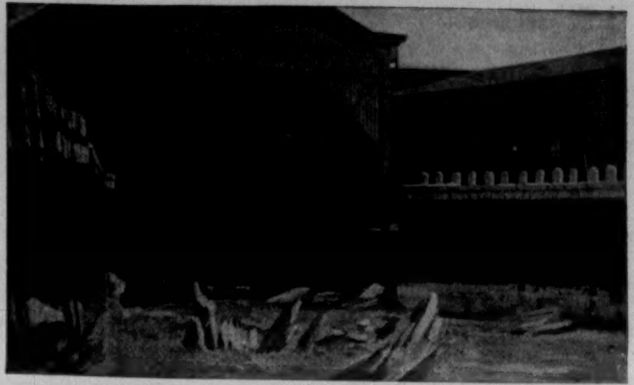

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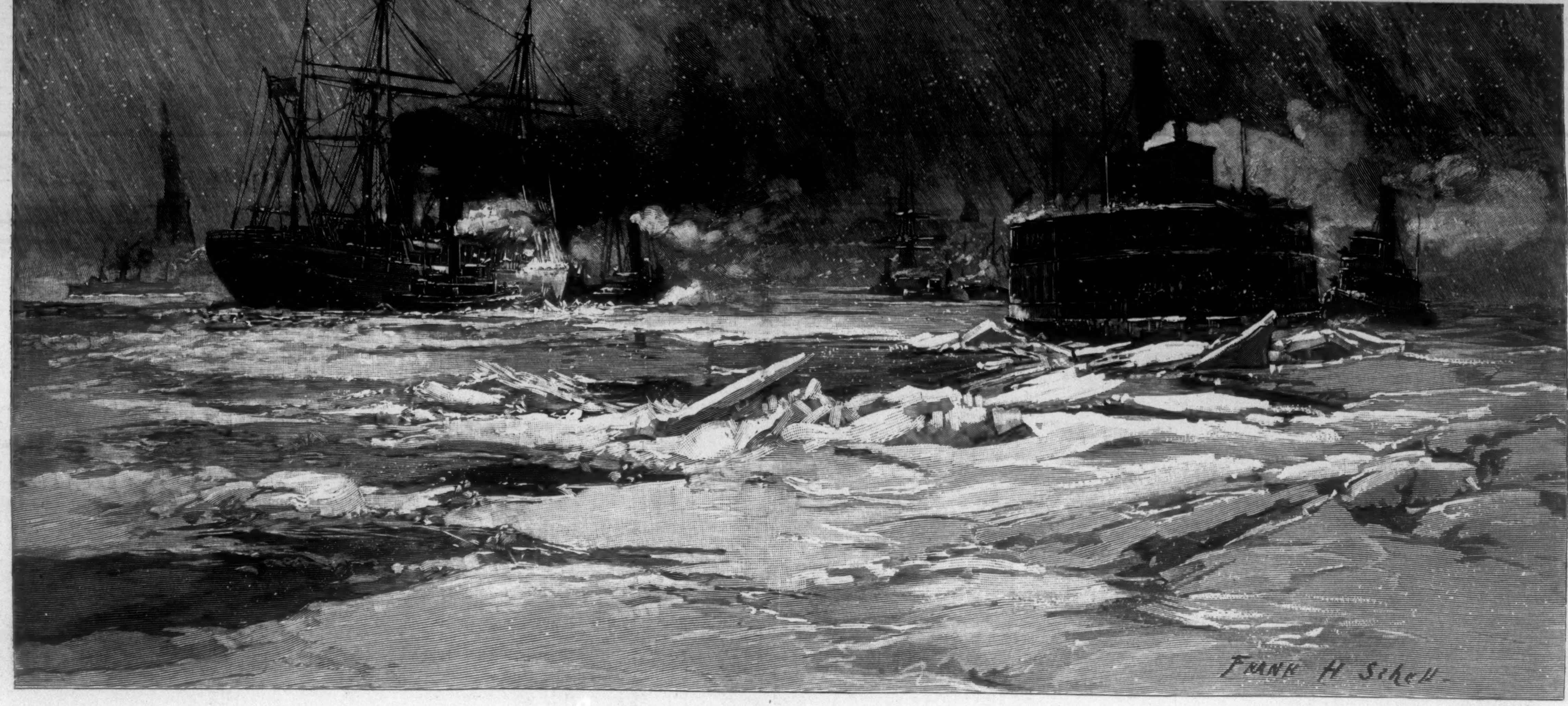

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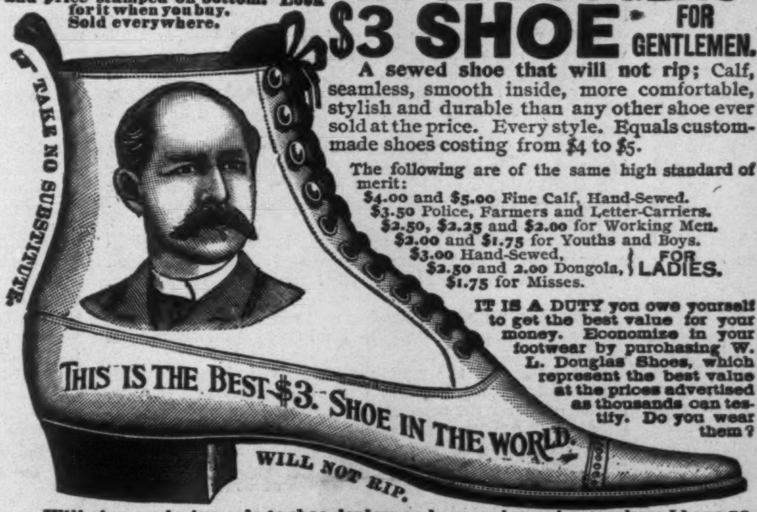
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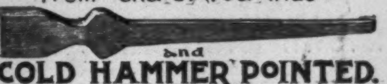

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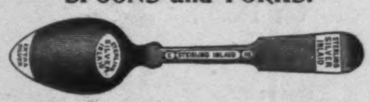

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A MENTAL ELOPEMENT.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

It was late in August. The air was soft and sweet. I was free from care. Lying in a hammock, swinging idly to and fro, smoking my after-dinner cigar, I was to all intents and purposes thinking—thinking in the abstract. It was a moment of reflection that involved no concrete thought.

Thinking is one of my bad habits. My friends say it is the ruin of me—destroys all my positive qualities, they say. I never assert—I always think. I believe that this is wise. The man who never asserts is never mendacious. Assertion is the thief of accuracy. My friends tell me that any idiot can think a thing is so, but that it takes a genius to assert and support his assertion. This may be true.

But I prefer to be an idiot; it is easier, happier, less committal than genius. Anyhow, to all intents and purposes I was indulging in two bad habits that late August evening—smoking and thinking in a thoughtless fashion.

And as I smoked and thought, the door of the little Queen Anne cottage on the other side of the street opened, and there in the moonlight stood the fairest, rarest, most radiantly lovely creature I had ever seen. And my heart gave a great throb. It was a throb of pain. For I am engaged, and any heart disturbance that had not for its initiative that other fairest, rarest, most radiantly lovely being I had ever seen was necessarily painful, particularly so on this occasion, because the party of the first part, she who was now wearing the useful little solitaire that had done service in my two previous engagements, was at that moment within the house on whose porch my hammock was swinging.

What if she should come forth and surprise me while I was admiring the vision across the street?

Horrible thought.

I lit a fresh cigar and felt secure, for my Phyllis cannot abide smoking.

Whether it was the light of my cigar or the scratching of my match on the sole of my shoe that attracted the attention of that rare pale Margaret across the way I don't know, but, at any rate, she cried, in silvery tones,

"Hullo! is that you?"

It was a difficult question to answer.

I certainly am myself, but equally certainly I was not the person to whom she so fascinatingly referred as "you."

I was too much overcome to think, so for once I asserted.

"Yes," I replied, "I'm me." And then my heart throbbed again, this time with a fearsome throb lest she should notice the ungrammatical quality of my response. I should have said "I'm I," but, as I have already remarked, I was indulging in assertion, and assertion and I are not at home together.

My fears were groundless, for my words had hardly had time to cross over the highway which separated us when she replied, "Come over."

Engaged as I was, I went. As I drew nearer she grew lovelier and more radiantly beautiful.

"Where have you been all this time?" she asked.

Again I was nonplussed. I had never seen her before, and it would have taken me a long time to tell her where I had been in the twenty-seven years I have had the honor to exist. If I had stuck to my habit of thinking, I should have seen at once that she took me for somebody else; but, alas! my thinking apparatus was out of gear, so I answered, "Waiting for you." Another assertion, and untrue.

"Well, I came as soon as I could," she said. "I mislaid my glasses, and you know how upset I am without glasses."

"Yes, I know," I said. Assertion number three. Alas! untrue again.

"I can hardly see you now," she added. Then she nestled up against my coat and looked at the moon.

"You've got a new suit, haven't you?" she asked.

"No—that is, yes; pretty new." I had worn it only six summers.

Then there was a deep and lasting silence, and I put my arm about her waist.

"Summer girls don't count," I said to myself, though I knew if Phyllis should happen to catch sight of us out there in the moonlight she wouldn't agree with me.

"I told papa," said my new-made friend at last.

"Did you?" I answered, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes; and he won't hear of it."

"What's his objection?" I ventured.

"He says you can't support me."

This was rather sudden, and for a moment I was so disturbed that it looked as though papa's objections were to be literally demonstrated.

"We must elope," she added; "and to-night, because papa is going to take me away from here to-morrow."

Great Scott!

"I am in for it," I thought. Then Phyllis's fair face rose up before me, and making all due allowances for its visionary qualities, I must say it wasn't quite up to that of my new-found love.

"All right; let's start," I said.

We were married, a half-hour later, by the village parson, and started on our way back to the parental roof to ask forgiveness. As we walked along in the moonlight, I saw something on the ground before me that looked like two bright silver quarters. I stooped to pick them up. They were nothing but glasses.

"What have you found?" asked my bride.

"A pair of eye-glasses."

"Oh, good," she ejaculated, taking them from me. "Perhaps they are mine." Then she tried them on. "Yes, they are mine," she added. "Now, let me look at my sweet old hubby."

Alas for the weakness of man! I let her look, and all was over. I was not the George she thought I was, and she ran shrieking into the house.

"By Jove," I said to myself, when I realized the situation, "I'm in the deuce of a hole. How on earth shall I ever get out of it?"

"Give me your hand and I'll help you," came the reply instanter, in a familiar voice, not that of my bride, however.

It was Phyllis's voice, and it added, "You'll catch your death of cold going to sleep in the hammock without anything around you."

Then I knew all. I had smoked and thought myself into a smokeless, unthinking somnolence, and needed but to open my eyes to be free from the dreadful trouble I had fallen into.

I have given up smoking, but still cultivate thinking, for that evening's episode convinced me that I didn't think as I should.

Had I thought the matter out clearly, I should have remembered that my Phyllis's home, at which I was visiting, looked out over the ocean, and that if the Queen Anne cottage was in existence anywhere, it must have been situated upon the coast of Africa, which is a distance too great to be pierced by the eyes of a thoughtful devotee of the weed like myself, or to be overcome by the voice of a radiantly lovely creature that never lived.

AN ETCHING.

BY MAUDE MENEFEE.

They were sitting together in Scudder's little studio one gray Sunday afternoon. Boecklin had been talking in his slow desultory fashion, while Scudder lounged back in his old chair, and the smoke changed from gauzy curls to slow drifts that hung between them. Scudder was just saying, as he strolled over to the little north window, where the fading light flowed in palely: "That reminds me of something I came across not long ago; only, in this case it was a girl—a young thing with the face of some one I've seen somewhere," he added, musingly. "I heard you were to rehearse for the Christmas festival over there," he went on, with an indefinite movement of his head toward somewhere outside the little window, "so I went over, and at the door I met Chisholm, and he took me up to a seat with the tenors, and, after a while, I noticed this girl at the end of the row of sopranos near us. Her shabby attempt at the picturesque in the things she had on—a little fine soft something she'd wound around her throat, and her hat," he added, vaguely—"made her stand out from the rest, and somehow I fell to studying her."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and began refilling it from a rude little box on the sill. "At first I thought she was merely listless and absorbed, but I found—she was waiting for something." He struck a match on the window-casing, and as he held it over the bowl of his pipe it flashed his pale face out of the gloom and showed Boecklin lounging back, with his hands clasped behind his head. "I liked it, you know, because there were none of the vulgar marks of expectancy; her eyes were off a little, but she wasn't looking toward anything, and she was merely quiet, with just a suggestion of tense straining for—for what she looked for. And after a while he came. I knew he had come, because she drooped back slowly, and she made a sort of indefinite movement of her hand toward—nothing, and the strained quiet gave way to a sort of—of muffled vibration. I was so near that it was all plain to me."

After he had puffed for a few moments in silence he took the pipe from his mouth, and examined the bowl casually.

"He was one of the violinists." He paused again, and smiled slowly.

"Once when she saw that he looked her way, she turned to the woman near her and said something—some little thing, wishing to impress him, I fancy, with the fact that she was not thinking of him. But he was not looking at her; as far as I could tell, he never once saw her. He had the habit all you fiddlers have, Boecklin, of—when the 'cellos or the others take the theme, and you rest for some measures—of staring off over the audience or the chorus, as though you were looking for some one, and once—he smiled and bowed to some one sitting with the altos. It's a very trivial thing when you think of it, but—it was a blow to her. I suppose in her mind he had stood wholly alone and unrelated until then—that's how I make it out—and when she saw there were—others, it was a blow. She had been singing along until then—" He was gazing down abstractedly at the glowing end of Boecklin's cigar as it waxed and waned, and he did not go on.

When Boecklin asked, with drowsy interest, "Which of the men was it? you know I know those fellows," Scudder winced slightly, and half closing his eyes, made a mental note of the dusky, half-defined figure and the glowing spark.

"It was you," he said.

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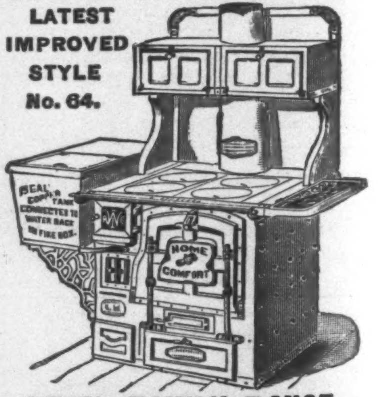
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AMATEVR·SPORT

The League of American Wheelmen Racing Board at its recent meeting promulgated the following new ruling to govern its members.

The amateur rule shall cover and be divided into two classes, as follows:

CLASS A.

An amateur of class A is one who has not engaged in nor assisted in nor taught cycling or any other recognized athletic exercise for money or other remuneration, nor knowingly competed with or against a professional for a prize of any description, or one who, after having forfeited the amateur status, has had the same restored by a competent authority having jurisdiction over the sport. A cyclist ceases to be an amateur of class A by:

(a) Engaging in cycling or other recognized athletic exercise or personally teaching, training, or coaching any person therein, either as a means of obtaining a livelihood, for a wager, money prize, or gate money.

(b) Competing with a professional or making pace for or having the pace for himself made by such in public or for a prize.

(c) Selling, pawning, bartering, or otherwise turning into cash or in any manner realizing cash upon any prize won by him.

(d) Accepting, directly or indirectly, any remuneration, compensation, or expense whatever for cycling.

(e) In this class no prize shall exceed $50 in value, and such prizes shall be limited to medals, wreaths, diplomas, plate, and jewelry only.

(f) Competing with amateurs of class B, and having once lost his status in class A, cannot recover it or be restored thereto.

CLASS B.

An amateur of class B shall be a cycle-rider who may compete in public for pay or remuneration for riding, but shall not compete for a cash or divisible prize, nor realize upon any prize won by him.

A cyclist ceases to be an amateur of class B by:

(a) Engaging in cycling or other recognized athletic sport or exercise for a wager, money prize, or gate money.

(b) Competing with a professional or making pace for or having the pace made for himself by such in public or for a prize.

(c) Selling, pawning, or otherwise turning into cash or in any manner realizing cash upon any prize won by him.

(d) License may be granted by a majority vote of the Racing Board for competition in invitation races between amateurs of class A and class B. The prize rule of class A to govern.

(e) A cyclist does not forfeit his amateur status by teaching the elements of cycling solely for the purpose of effecting the sale of a cycle.

(f) The League recognizes as athletic exercises, in addition to cycling, all sports over which the Amateur Athletic Union, the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and other amateur athletic organizations have jurisdiction.

The average sportsman will read the League of American Wheelmen's definition of what constitutes an amateur with unfeigned astonishment. He has, undoubtedly, always labored under the delusion that an amateur was one who received no pecuniary benefit from sport, directly or indirectly; that such a thing as degrees in amateur distinction were as impossible as are degrees of rotundity in a sphere; he has thought that as any object that is round *is* round, so an amateur is an amateur. But he must upset all his theories and begin over again if he would comprehend the present-day status of the bicyling amateur as interpreted by the League of American Wheelmen. This department time and again has made the statement that here in the East our only salvation for pure amateur sport was through the colleges; and this late action of the L. A. W. shows with painful clearness just how low so-called amateur cycling racing has descended. Will any one say after reading this manifesto of disgrace that we can guard our college athletes too zealously? The Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen is a disgrace to that organization, and the amateur sense of the great body of L. A. W. members must be dull indeed to permit such legislation. Probably there are one hundred of the crack racers, certainly there are no more than that number, in whose interest solely the Racing Board has agreed to call a professional an amateur. There are upwards of THIRTY THOUSAND members of the League of American Wheelmen in this country!

The formation of class B is nothing more nor less than a sop to the manufacturer, and the reason the newspapers comment on the scheme favorably is, they want the advertising patronage of the manufacturer. From what stands for the editorial page of a certain paper more or less devoted to sport I quote the following from a column plea for the perpetuation of the "paid amateur": "I have not the slightest doubt that certain riders, and a great many of them, were really kept by the athletic clubs and the manufacturers. There is no doubt about it whatever. Even the sage men of the Racing Board would admit that if you could get them into a corner. It only goes to show that such practices must continue if bicycling is to be advanced. Take the allowing of expenses away from your amateur bicycle man, and they will either *go to work or turn professionals*" (italics ours). Consider for a moment the full meaning of this text; here are a class of young men who are actually living by their skill in riding the wheel, who are out-and-out professionals in every sense of the word, and worse, because they lie about it; and the League of American Wheelmen, the national body of the United States, which is supposed to guard our amateur standing, foists these men upon us as amateurs!

The idea of making a class to keep these men from "turning professionals" is ludicrous in the extreme. The situation, so far as the amateur standing of these racing cyclists is concerned, is no different to-day from what it was two years ago. These men have been professionals in reality for the last two seasons or more, and everybody, including the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen, has known it. If the board had shown the slightest desire to fulfil the mission of keeping the sport clean, for which it was appointed, it could long ago have put its finger on the offenders (for they have been flagrant), and kept bicycle-racing honest and decent sport. But they have pursued the course followed by the Amateur Athletic Union in the farce of bringing the "amachoor" slugger to justice; they have made a great splutter over doing nothing, and whined of the impossibility to get any evidence that would convict.

After whining for two years, the cowardly Racing Board of the L. A. W. now proposes to obviate the entire difficulty by making a special class for the men it did not dare to bring to trial under an honest amateur ruling.

It is an insult to amateur wheelmen in this country, and one that will be resented by all honest sportsmen from Maine to California. And what makes this action of the L. A. W. the more audacious is the openly expressed reason, by members of the Racing Board, that there was a "necessity of adopting a lenient rule this year, or else suffering their best riders to be drawn into a cash prize association!" Think of amateurs—God save the mark!—whose allegiance must be bought and paid for! And we are going to have a meeting in Chicago during the World's Fair to decide the amateur racing bicycle championship of the United States and of the world! As an American and as a sportsman I protest against any class B rider competing for the honor of holding the amateur championship of this country, and I urgently call on all amateur clubs and all sportsmen to raise their voices against this outrage.

It is proposed by the L. A. W. to permit the members of class A and class B, *i.e.*, the amateurs and the professionals, to race together in championship meetings. It is a decidedly weak ruling, for in every land and in every sport the amateur is prohibited from competing with the professional under pain of disqualification.

And that is not the only weak point in this recent action of the L. A. W., throwing the amateur question out of consideration entirely. The Racing Board of the L. A. W. has fallen into the same trap that has caught several other puny athletic legislators. They are just smart enough to see ahead of their noses and not a yard farther. They have given this professional class an amateur whitewashing, because they believe, so they say, that it will boom bicycling generally. But it is a very short-sighted policy, and the blessing they crave will be ephemeral; the class of racing cyclists, to retain whom this Racing Board of the L. A. W. has dragged the amateur standing of a good sport into the muck, will shortly tire of their foster-parents and seek pastures new. It has been the experience the world over that when loyalty becomes a question of dollars and cents it is not to be depended on. When a man puts his ability on the market his services are certain to go to the highest bidder. These are facts that need no argument. The men who ride in class B will be professionals in heart and in fact, no matter what cloak the L. A. W. may throw about them. They will ride on a salary for the manufacturers of bicycles, and they will ride solely for what money there is in it. The question of sport does not enter into the matter at all.

In these days, when professional sport is at a very low ebb, it may be depended on that the League of American Wheelmen will soon have competitors in holding these professional entertainments. Indeed, already there has been formed by a number of professional baseball men an organization for the purpose of holding bicycle meetings and giving cash prizes. When the season begins, therefore, it will simply be a competition between the manufacturers and this organization. One will give its cash prize under the guise of a salary, while the other will give tempting purses at its meetings. Does any one who gives these matters even the smallest attention question what will be the result? It will be the old professional baseball war over again, and the members of class B will go where they can get the most money. Eventually professional racing will die out, and degenerate to a cycling Guttenburg. Is this the sort of thing the thirty thousand members of the League of American Wheelmen and the amateur clubs of this country are going to permit?

There is yet another side to the question. What are the amateur athletic clubs and the Amateur Athletic Union going to say about this? Neither the A. A. U. nor any amateur club can afford to permit the League of American Wheelmen's professional racers to compete at meetings held under their auspices. First of all, it would make a professional of any man not an L. A. W. professional who entered and rode in the same race with them; and second, no athletic club with any regard whatever for the purity of the sport it is supposed to foster could accept the entry of an L. A. W. professional. There is no knowing what the A. A. U. will do; probably the same as it has been doing for the last three years—winking the other eye. But if there is any sportsmanship at all among the governors of the best clubs, or if they have any regard for the future of amateur sport in America, they will not permit the entrance of an L. A. W. professional bicycle racer at any of their meetings. Moreover, I cannot see how they can live up to the amateur rule without expelling such of their members as join class B. As for the colleges, they should, and undoubtedly will, treat the members of the L. A. W., class B, as they would any other professional who attempted to rub elbows with honest men who are in sport for sport's sake, and not to make a living out of it.

This question is too serious a one to be treated lightly. The Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen has set up an out and out professional, and attempted to pass him off as an amateur. They should be shown that such a swindle cannot be perpetrated with impunity.

Restricting the membership of university football elevens to undergraduates is the most vital question that has ever come up for discussion. It is a question that means everything to amateur sport in America, it is the very essence of purity in university athletics, and it is a question that should not be hurriedly decided at an undergraduate meeting. This department has put itself on record so often, and in no hesitating manner, as being first and always in favor of confining members of athletic teams to undergraduates, that I will save space by not again drifting in that direction.

Before taking up the question, however, I cannot refrain from criticising those college men who, since the matter came before the public, have lost neither time nor opportunity in vesting it with as many sensational features as possible. There may be men, probably there are a few, though I confess I do not know them, occupying different relations to college sport, from the undergraduate player to the *alumnus* on the Advisory Board, who would be contemptible and narrow minded enough to permit their personal college prejudice to dwarf their consideration of a great and universal subject like this one relating to the undergraduate. Assuming, for sake of argument, that there are such, no one who knows the athletic advisors of the several larger Eastern universities will have the temerity to assert that the few could influence the majority.

The public charge, therefore, by certain University of Pennsylvania men, that the undergraduate movement is nothing more nor less than a collusion between Yale and Princeton to "freeze the U. of P. out," is an assertion that cannot be founded on fact, because, to my absolute knowledge, Eugene L. Richards and George A. Adee, of Yale, and Cornelius C. Cuyler, of Princeton, have been advocating the undergraduate plan for the past three years. To rush into print with such a charge is bad policy and poor sportsmanship.

The object of the undergraduate plan is, above all else, to cleanse college football of the element which has gradually been working into it the last five years. To cast out that worthy who goes to college to play ball instead of to educate himself, and who ever stands ready to desert one university for another that in some way makes it an advantage for him to do so.

Football has grown in the last few years to be of such importance in the athletic curriculum of every university that the efforts to obtain star players have stopped short of almost nothing. There has been a continuous scout among the smaller colleges, and wherever a student has developed into an exceptional football or baseball player his allegiance to his *alma mater* has in one way or another been alienated, and we have seen him taking a course of law or medicine or dentistry at one of the larger universities. Men have been played on football elevens and baseball nines, and played last year, who, left to themselves, would not be in college; who had neither capacity nor desire for a college education, and who were taken care of during vacation by one means and another. I am sure I could go through the larger universities to-morrow and pick out a number of men whose names are enrolled on the college roster solely because of their athletic ability.

To crush out this pest there is no ruling too stringent, and if it is decided by the older heads that confining membership to the academic department is the only means to the end, then let such a rule be put in force at once. It is my belief, however, that such a course is not the best nor the broadest lines on which to conduct sport at American universities. I do not think that such a question should be decided quickly, or without there being a general meeting of the *alumni* advisory boards of the several large universities. This is the time now, while the iron is hot, to strike an effectual blow for the purity of all college sport, and let it be one that will weld together football, rowing, baseball, and track athletics.

What at last has brought about this movement is the determination of the *alumni* and the undergraduates themselves to do away once and forever with the accursed professional element that has established itself in the last few years.

What a sad commentary it is on the indifferent custodianship of those who have stood guard over the amateur escutcheon that it should have this wellnigh indelible blot upon its face! Had there been no "inducement" offered the cads that are always to be found where an opportunity exists of doing a disreputable thing under the guise of respectability, there would be now no occasion for such drastic measures. The *alumni* who have acquiesced in the deception, and even aided it in many cases, are more to be condemned than the boys who have accepted their bribes. Many an honest, well-meaning boy who has developed athletic ability at school has been turned into a dishonest cad by these "enthusiastic" athletic *alumni*. As the idea is then to root out this evil, it seems to me it may be done effectually by making it impossible to hang up athletic skill as a bait for inducements, and confining absolutely the members of athletic teams to the undergraduates of the university.

I know I have given this subject as much thought as any other one man in the country. I am sure my interest in the purity and honesty of amateur sport is as keen as any other lover of sport for sport's sake, and I have come to the conclusion, after looking the question over from all sides and from a perfectly impartial stand-point, that by restricting athletic teams to members of the academic course only, we would publish to the college world that we were incompetent to successfully cope with an evil except by drawing a very narrow circle about our university athletics. The universities of the world are universities in fact as well as in name, and ours are growing more like them every year. We cannot afford to suffer by comparison even in our athletics; indeed, there is no need to do so. The time is coming when there will be international athletic contests between the universities of the Old World and the New. We must be ready to hold our own.

In my judgment the following would go further in cleansing college sport and giving it a healthful national tone than restricting university athletics to the academic department:

A man is eligible to membership of a 'varsity team:

1. When he is a *bona-fide* student, regularly enrolled on the university register, and in good standing.
2. When he has not been a member of any other university or college team, or played on a class team at any other college or university.
3. When he is taking the same number of lectures as are prescribed in the academic course, either in one of the professional schools or as a regular student of the university in any other capacity.
4. When he has not been a member of the university team more than four years.
5. When, if he is challenged, he produces certificates from the faculty of his university showing him to be pursuing the required course.
6. These rules to cover football, baseball, rowing, track athletics, and all other intercollegiate sports.

There has been no attempt in these rules to cover all the details, but only to suggest a basis from which to control the evil.

As the reformation proposed is directed against the men who have been brought to college solely on account of their athletic ability, it seems the desired end will be attained by coercing them alone. The absence of any supervision regarding the number of hours taken, etc., has thrown the professional schools open to this class of men.

The man who goes to a certain university to play football or baseball is not inclined to study, and he will not go if he knows he must study and secure a certificate from the faculty that he is an honest student in good standing before becoming a member of the team. It is not fair, and it seems to be a narrow policy, to exclude all members of the professional schools. Many enter direct from preparatory and other schools, and graduates of the academic department not infrequently use that course as a preparation for the study of the one they may have chosen as a profession. It is unjust to bar out the honest student, and it is unnecessary if a certain number of hours is prescribed for every man on a university athletic team. It would be necessary, of course, for members of a league to make that number of hours an average of the academic courses of the several universities in the association. I should add also a rule prohibiting members of baseball teams from travelling about during the summer with athletic or other club baseball nines.

With all channels for offering "inducements" effectually closed, and the membership of teams limited to university undergraduates, the future of honest, pure sport would be assured.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(With Chapter on Team-Play.)—By Walter Camp.—Illustrated.—Price, $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.